

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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LAND OF THE TRAVELLER'S HEART

ALL THE WORLD LOVES ITALY

Traveller's Paradise

WHAT WE OWE TO HER

Signor Mussolini has made a famous phrase; he will have his way, he says, with the League, without the League, or in spite of the League.

It is a little unfriendly, but let us give it a friendly turn and say that the world loves Italy, with Mussolini, without Mussolini, or in spite of Mussolini.

It is not to be denied, for Italy is the land of the traveller's heart.

If we think of our laws, if we look at our churches, if we contemplate our great public buildings, Italy is in them all. The Eternal City is the capital of Christendom. Who thinks of Paul and not of Rome? Who looks at our great domes and towers and forgets the cradle of their inspiration? Who thinks of the proud course of English justice and forgets where it began?

Dante and Shakespeare

It was a son of Italy who opened the gates of the West for the English-speaking races to pass through. The very name of Lombard Street reminds us of those Italian merchants who brought to the West the riches of the East.

Does not Dante live in our great world of intellect with Shakespeare? When John Milton went abroad it was Galileo he was proud to see. When John Ruskin saw San Marco glowing with its gilded domes and its magnificent mosaics he declared it the supreme effort of the West to reproduce the colour of the East.

We think of Raphael as we think of Shakespeare. Leonardo's Last Supper is in half our churches. The lovely Della Robbias are part of our familiar joys.

Every child in our schools knows how Galileo climbed up Pisa's leaning tower and dropped a weight and a feather, how Giotto put his little shepherd dog in his famous tower, how Michael Angelo looked on the gates of the Baptistry in Florence and said they were fit to be the gates of Heaven, and how he went up to Donatello's St George and said, *March!*

Wonder Too Great For Words

Every traveller knows and loves the little winding streets of Italy's small towns, the glory of her hills, the delicate beauty of her skies, the charm of her squares. Indoors and out of doors there is nothing like this famous land. Ask us where we would like to go once more and it is Florence, Florence with its great things and small things, its thrilling beauty everywhere. Or perhaps it is Pisa, where we turn a corner suddenly and come upon a green that is matchless in the world. Or perhaps it is Assisi, home of the Little Poor Man, with its lovely hilltop and its spreading plain; or Venice on the waters with all its precious stones; or Rome itself, Eternal

Continued in the last column



A Standard Bearer in Abyssinia

THE ITALY THAT LOVED THE PEACE

We beg Signor Mussolini to read these words before he lives much longer. They were spoken by President Wilson after the Great War.

WHEN I was in Italy a little limping group of wounded soldiers sought an interview with me, and with touching simplicity they presented me with a petition in favour of the League of Nations.

It was a simple request that I should lend all the influence I might have to relieve future generations of the sacrifices they had been obliged to make.

THAT appeal has remained in my mind as I have ridden along the streets in European capitals and heard the cries for the League of Nations from the lips of people who had no particular notion of how it was to be done, but whose hearts said that something must come out of this.

As we drove along country roads old women would come out and hold flowers to us because they believed we were the messengers of friendship and hope.

It is inconceivable that we should disappoint them, and we shall not. The day will come when men will look back with swelling hearts and rising pride that they should have been privileged to make the sacrifice for men of every kind everywhere. God give us the strength and vision to do it.

INDIA IS STIRRING

The Revolt of the Untouchables

WILL THEY ABANDON HINDUISM?

Few more impressive sentences can ever have been spoken, illustrating the change coming over India, than those in which Dr Ambedkar, leader of the Untouchables, urged his followers to abandon Hinduism.

These outcast believers are the lowest of the Brahmin castes. There are over 50,000,000 of them, and they include the aboriginal tribes of India who were enslaved by ancient conquerors.

They have been condemned by the harsh rules of the Hindu caste system to the level of the unclean, the Untouchable. Their touch is pollution. If so much as their shadow falls on a high-caste Brahmin he must cleanse himself. The man born an Untouchable is condemned for life, and his children after him, to servitude in an oppressed and despised class.

A Miserable Ban

Mahatma Gandhi has never been able to remove this miserable ban by appeal to his brother Hindus, but he now has declared that Dr Ambedkar's speech is unbelievable, and unnecessary because untouchability is on its last legs.

Yet there are many Untouchables, educated men like Dr Ambedkar, in spite of their outcast birth, who will not wait for the final dissolution of a caste system which has lasted 3000 years. If, like him, they decide that they can free themselves from it by renouncing a religion that is no good to them they will do so.

Great Britain has conferred on India a new political freedom, and the ears of the Untouchables are not deaf to their liberation. It would be astonishing if it did not stir them to an effort for religious freedom also, and we shall all sympathise with the determination of this vast multitude to raise themselves out of their misery.

Continued from the first column

City, the visible wonder that holds us spellbound and is too great for words.

Nothing has been said for a hundred years that is more untrue than that we hate Italy or wish to stand in her way. We love her almost as ourselves. We sing her songs and listen to her operas. We look on her pictures again and again. Her noble sculpture is all about us. Her architecture is in our streets. The thought of Garibaldi moves us as a hero of our own. We have no other wish for Italy than that she may be great and powerful and noble, worthy of her matchless past. Long may she reign as the Paradise of the Traveller, holding her head high in the world as the home of a proud and free people.

MAKING THE WORLD LISTEN

MINERS FIND A WAY Extraordinary Situation in a Pit and the Reason Why COST OF PUBLICITY

Unhappy has been the lot of the British miner since the collapse of the war and the post-war booms.

Profits and wages slumped, and the mineowners point to official figures to show that, even at present rates of wages, they keep going with the greatest difficulty. On the other hand the miners protest that subsidiary profits should be taken into account, and that in any case they cannot live on an average wage of 40s a week.

Truly a miner earning less than a dustman is a strange anomaly.

The troubles of the industry increase. Better demand by iron and steel producers is offset by further loss of export trade and oil competition, and now comes the cruel disturbance of war.

The Stay-In Strike

A bitter dispute has arisen in Monmouthshire. The owners have employed non-union men in some places, and this is regarded as a challenge by the Miners' Federation. A strike has broken out against what are regarded as "black-legs," and the dismissal of the non-union men is demanded. A leaf has been taken from the book of the Polish miners who last year employed a novel weapon, the "Stay-in" strike. It is simply this: *the miners descend the pit and refuse to come out again, thus very effectively bringing work to a standstill.* Many pits are affected by the dispute, which is regarded very seriously, and there have been sympathetic strikes of thousands of men.

The C.N. belongs to those who think that such a thing as a strike is an act of war against the State, and all who agree with it must agree about the absurdity and the danger of such things as hunger strikes and staying down pits to force the hands of authority.

Yet before we lay the blame on anyone for this, or any act of war, we ought to ask what provoked it, and one extraordinary thing arises from this situation in a Welsh pit.

Coal and the Public Interest

The beginning of every far-reaching movement is publicity. It is not easy to obtain nowadays, especially by the poor, for publicity has become a very expensive thing.

Hundreds of ideas famish today for want of that support which publicity brings, simply because the cost of it cannot be afforded. These miners want to compel attention, and by such a violent act as staying down a mine and refusing to come up they at once obtain publicity which £50,000 could not have brought them by advertising.

It is of course childish and violent, but what are miners to do when they want publicity which only a millionaire could buy?

Who Shall Blame Them?

Their hunger and their poverty are the only things they can exchange for it. Having made the sacrifice they have obtained the publicity they want; and who shall blame them for their hard bargain? There were extraordinary scenes when these 184 men came up from the pit after seven days and nights below, thousands welcoming them with tears and smiles and cheering.

Such troubles make one wonder why the work of the various royal commissions on coal has been neglected. Is it not high time that our coal was taken in hand by the highest authority and worked solely in the public interest?

Why not treat coal like potatoes, as matter for a Public Board possessing the widest powers?

THE WORKING BOY WHO ROSE TO POWER

Arthur Henderson and Peace

The greatest cause in the world, the cause of Peace, has lost one of its best friends in Mr Arthur Henderson.

He started work about 60 years ago as an iron moulder at Newcastle; he rose high in the counsels and affections of his fellows and held every office in his trade union; and finally he got into Parliament. He became a leader of the Labour Party and was in the first War Cabinet. He was also in the first Labour Government as Foreign Secretary, and made a European reputation. He had the rare delight of seeing three sons in the House of Commons while he was there.

But most of all he is remembered now as President of the Disarmament Conference. He worked like a slave to keep it together through all its troubles, and refused to agree to its dissolution even in the darkest hour. He kept it in being as long as he lived, although as he lay dying the sacred Covenant of the League was broken and Italy went to war. The news was kept from him, and the stout champion of peace passed from his labours not knowing that Signor Mussolini's bombs were falling on Abyssinia.

DRAMATIC CHANGE IN AUSTRIA

The Fascists Stronger

Vienna once more became an armed camp for a night last week, members of the Heimwehr being hurriedly summoned from their farms and businesses outside to mount guard in the capital.

It was a precaution taken by Prince Starhemberg, Vice-Chancellor of Austria, to ensure that a reconstruction of the Government should go through without a revolution. In the new Cabinet Major Fey, chief of the 20,000 members of the Heimwehr in Vienna, finds no place; indeed, after three years of power, which he used ruthlessly in putting down the rival Nazi and Socialist Parties, he has been dismissed.

Herr von Schuschnigg, who succeeded Dr Dollfuss, is still Chancellor, representing the Clerical Party, and Prince Starhemberg remains Vice-Chancellor. The prince is head of the auxiliary forces of the State, the Heimwehr, and the first result of the change is to link this body even more closely with the regular army. There have been three other changes in the Ministry, but the Fascist element, which supports Mussolini, is stronger.

THE WAR

Peace Sanctions Scheme Complete

The League has completed its list of peaceful Sanctions, and if the war still continues at the end of the month a date will be fixed for their operation.

One of the unexpected happenings at Geneva last week was an appeal to those nations outside the League to help its members. Copies of all important documents about the dispute have been sent to them.

While the League has been working the Ambassadors have been doing their part, and in an interview with Mussolini an assurance was once again given that this country would not take any steps against Italy except through the League.

In Abyssinia Italian progress has been slow and torrential rains have held up the advance.

The Lord Mayor of Manchester has been telling the Rotarians that during the year he has given 11,000 interviews, declined 500 invitations, and witnessed the signing of 7000 documents.

SOMETHING NEW AT A GENERAL ELECTION

The King's Ninth Parliament

Within three weeks from now the country will have a new Parliament, the ninth of the reign of King George.

It has been decided that the present Parliament, which has this week met again, shall be dissolved and that polling for a new Parliament shall take place on Thursday, November 14. There are 615 members to be elected, and there will be some 1,400 candidates. The voters number about 30,000,000.

In the Parliament which is to be dissolved this week the supporters of the Government number 505, the Opposition having 58 Labour and 34 Liberal members.

A new feature of the coming election will be that blind men and women will be accompanied into the polling booths by friends who will aid them in placing their cross against the name of their chosen candidate.

THE OLD GENERAL A Tragic Adventure of 50 Years Ago

America has lost a great explorer, engineer, writer, and soldier in General Greeley, who has died at 91.

He was the first volunteer in the Civil War to reach the rank of general. He was in command of an expedition to set up a chain of 15 stations round the North Pole in 1881, and his party of 25 reached a spot farther north than any previously recorded. They found new land north of Greenland.

It was a tragic success, however, for 18 men perished of famine and only seven came home.

THE WASP AND DADDY LONGLEGS

We have received several letters in response to our question Do wasps eat crane flies?

Two correspondents have actually seen this done. One writing from Minster in Sheppey has on many occasions seen a wasp pounce on a crane fly (the familiar daddy longlegs) and nip off its legs and wings while they were resting on a wall or a window. Another reader in Sussex describes a scene she witnessed on a busy pavement, when a wasp and a crane fly were fighting a duel.

The wasp had one wing torn off and the crane fly only two legs left, being hardly able to drag himself along.

AT HER DAUGHTER'S GOLDEN WEDDING

There have been two remarkable anniversaries of late, both recorded in The Times.

One was the 70th wedding anniversary of Mr and Mrs John Brett of Bexhill; the other was the golden wedding of Sir William Foster and Lady Foster, the remarkable point about it being that the bride's mother was present at the happy celebrations—probably a unique occurrence.

TICKING IN FLEET STREET

Fleet Street's old clock is back on St Dunstan's, beginning its ticking today. For long before its removal in 1830 its striking jacks (now working again) were one of the sights of London, and when the old church was pulled down the clock was removed and set up by Lord Hertford at his house in Regent's Park. Lord Rothermere has now presented it to Fleet Street, and it tells the time high up above the bust of his famous brother Alfred, Lord Northcliffe.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

World Thrift Day is to be kept in 31 countries on October 31. It was founded in Milan in 1924 at an International Thrift Congress of 27 nations.

The total volume of Italian trade with this country last year was about £19,000,000.

Mr Ford has stopped all exports of his cars to the war area.

Hyde Park Corner, the busiest traffic point in the world, has now a glass-roofed shelter for bus passengers.

The Ministry of Agriculture asks us all to help with the destruction of rats and mice during Rat Week, which begins on November 4.

The greatest adventure in the world today is the planting of the great principle of love in the minds of men and nations, said Dr Howard Somervell.

The price of glycerine has been trebled in Bombay owing to the war in Abyssinia.

Methodism has lost one of its grand old men by the death of Mr Alfred David Cope of Southampton, the oldest minister in the Church. He was 101.

On the night of the full moon last week the Yarmouth fishermen brought in enough herrings to give one to every man, woman, and child in England.

A conference of Oxford University clubs and societies has voted by 327 votes to 123 in favour of economic and military steps to stop the war.

The great gale last weekend blew down a steel tower 125 feet high at Coventry and blew in four huge plate glass windows in a London shop.

A Matabele chieftain met the Prince of Wales at the motor show and said afterwards, "We are overjoyed at having spoken to the Son of the Great Elephant."

Forty Australian schoolboys have made a tour of South Africa. They visited an ostrich farm, where each boy was given an ostrich plume, which he wore in his cap.

Deep national sympathy has been aroused for Lady Alice Scott by the death of her father the Duke of Buccleuch. Lady Alice is to be married on November 6 to the Duke of Gloucester, and in consequence of her bereavement the wedding is to take place privately in the chapel of Buckingham Palace.

The King has lost a great friend by the death of Lord Sysonby, who, as Sir Frederick Ponsonby, held a high office in the royal household under Queen Victoria, King Edward, and King George. Lord Sysonby asked that only his wife, his son, and his daughter should be at his funeral and that there should be no other service.

THINGS SAID

War is the last thing in our minds.

Mr Baldwin

The obsolete blood-stained instrument of war cannot cure the world's ills.

Mr Cordell Hull

God give me work till my life shall end and life till my work is done.

Annie S. Swan

In years to come the Arctic and Antarctic regions may be only a couple of hours from the civilised world.

Mr Edward Shackleton

Life in Russia today must be rather a glorious adventure; what it is to the old must be left to the imagination.

Miss Ethel Pickering

I suppose Waterloo Bridge is now costing every South Londoner about two hours lost time a week.

A South London correspondent

We have passed out of the sentimentalism of the Victorian concert room into the musical gibberish of the crooner and the jazz band. Mr A. G. Gardiner

October 26, 1935

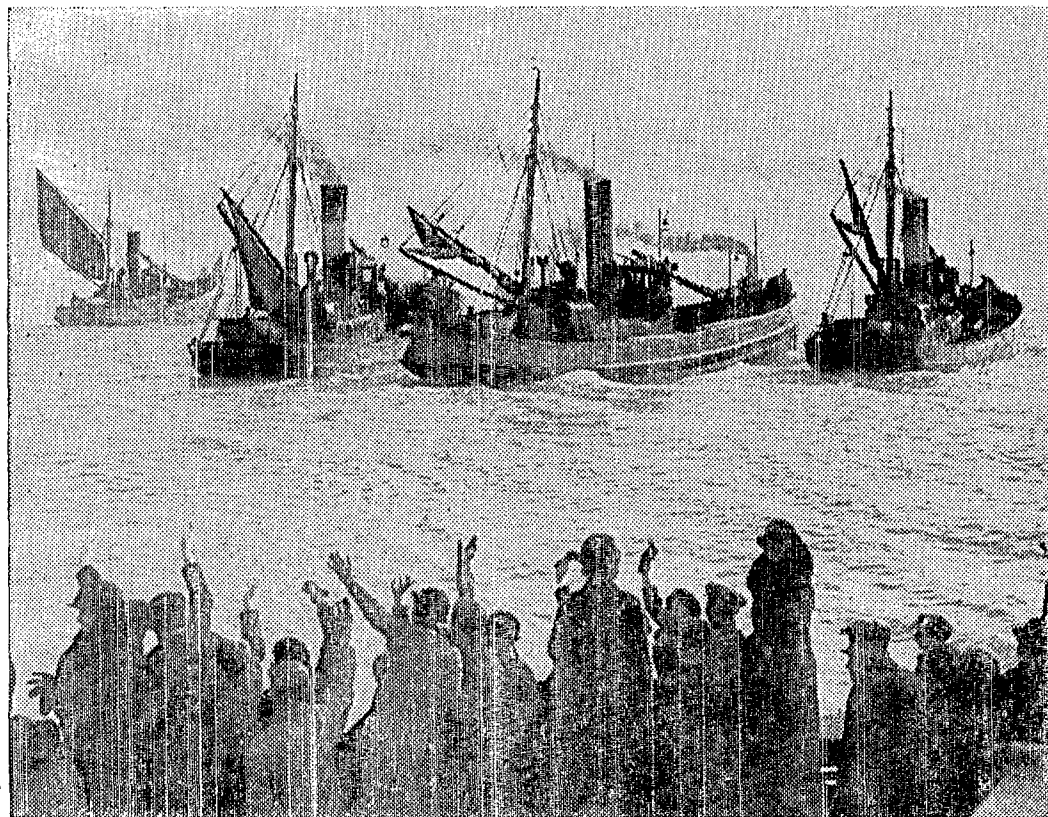
The Children's Newspaper

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Refugees • Herring Boats Put To Sea • A Baby Seal



Refugees—Driven from their homes by the shadow of war these Abyssinian women with their children and some of their furniture are waiting on the railway station at Addis Ababa for a train to take them to the open country



Putting To Sea—Drifters setting out for the herring grounds from Lowestoft. With buyers from abroad again becoming active the outlook for the herring industry is much brighter than for a long time



Going Into Action—Regular troops of the Abyssinian army moving into the battle line near Gerlogubi



Looking For Mother—A photograph taken among the Westward Rocks, Scilly Isles, showing a baby seal a few hours old looking for its mother

LIBERALISM FROM SHORE TO SHORE

SWEEPING CHANGE IN CANADA

Courageous Outlook of the New Prime Minister

FRIEND OF THE EAST END

Liberalism has been victorious in Canada from shore to shore, except in the farming province of Alberta, where the advocates of Social Credit have reaffirmed the faith expressed in their recent local election. Mr Harry Stevens alone of his 173 candidates was returned, and the Socialists also were heavily defeated.

Never since the great Dominion was federated in 1867 has its people sent a party to Ottawa with so big a majority, for the Liberals have won 175 seats against the Conservatives' 42. This result may be said to show the resolve of the Canadian people to turn away from the nationalism of the past few years.

Failure of High Tariffs

Under the somewhat autocratic rule of Mr Bennett both internal and external trade have suffered, for his high tariffs have not achieved the results promised for them. On the eve of the election he declared that a vote against his party would be a vote against the Ottawa pacts, and it is certain that the new Government will bring about a revision of those measures, which have admittedly injured trade.

Mr Mackenzie King, the Liberal leader, has lost no time in announcing that he will send missions to every country of the globe to negotiate trade treaties on a reciprocal basis, and has held out a hand of goodwill to his neighbours the United States and to Japan. He will seek to lower tariffs, for he is certain that the lowering of the Canadian tariff wall will not harm the manufacturers, and that it will benefit their customers the farmers, who have suffered so much in recent years.

Authority on Labour Problems

Mr King has been Prime Minister twice before. A graduate of Toronto University, where he helped to keep himself by working for a local paper, he has studied at the American universities of Chicago and Harvard. He has worked at a settlement in the East End of London, where he was a friend of Mr Ramsay MacDonald, then a struggling journalist, and he is an authority on Labour problems. It was as a Minister of Labour that Sir Wilfrid Laurier appointed him to his Government in 1900, and he has served on many a Commission dealing with Labour and Immigration questions, and he is well known at Geneva, where he has been Vice-President of the Assembly. He signed the Pact of Paris on behalf of the Dominion.

The father of Mr King was a Toronto K C who became blind, and his mother was the daughter of the William Lyon Mackenzie who led a revolt against arbitrary rule in Upper Canada 100 years ago. One of his wise sayings is associated with his parents. "Next to their actual presence (he says), the memory of a good father and a good mother is a possession surpassing all else that life can bring."

Thoughtful and courageous, he is the kind of leader who must inspire confidence in a world overwrought with dissension.

LITTLE PIG

It is quite possible to spend half-a-crown and be sorry, but not if you buy This Little Pig.

It is put into a jolly little book by Helen and Alf Evers and published by F. J. Ward, and we guarantee that every child from 90 years to 9 months old will love it.

SEVEN MILES OF CARS

450 At Olympia

MOST THINGS BETTER AND BETTER

The increasing prosperity of the country has been reflected year by year of late in the great Motor Show at Olympia, and so is the ingenuity of our engineers and craftsmen.

The firms who make our cars are optimists indeed, living and contriving for future needs in the best British tradition.

It may be charged that the aim today is more luxury, for quiet running and easy driving are more in evidence than ever; but everyone gains by these things, especially by the silence of the up-to-date car. Cars are also more pleasing to the eye, whether in their streamlined shape or in their more attractive colours.

Important Developments

But both the motorist and the pedestrian will agree that the most important developments to be looked for in the cars of today lie in what is being done to make them less dangerous to life and limb.

In the first place the strength of their materials is being increased, while new adjustments have been made to ensure that the man who has to control his vehicle should have every lever and gadget, his seat, his screen, and his steering-wheel exactly right.

One of the most noticeable advances is in the practice of making each front wheel independent, so that it adapts itself to inequalities in the road surface without affecting the road-holding capacity of the other.

The necessity for meeting the crowded state of the roads has resulted in speedier acceleration and deceleration; and also the brakes are better. The C N has always regarded the brakes as the worst part of some of our popular cars.

The British Engine

All round there is to be found more automatic adjustment, more accessibility to parts needing attention, and a greater convenience in the storage of luggage and spares.

The most important feature in a car, however, is its engine, and the power it produces in relation to its weight. Here, too, much advance has been made, proving that the British engine is still second to none.

Germany, France, Italy, and America are all represented at the show. There are 25 types from overseas against 29 from home. There are over 450 cars, and over 200,000 square feet is covered by the vehicles and their accessories. To see them all we must walk about seven miles, and we shall then have looked at £500,000 of the best things the motor industry has to show.

B B C SHAKESPEARE

We congratulate the B B C on paying more attention to Shakespeare, but why does it not remember that England's chief glory is unknown to millions of its listeners?

Macbeth was given not long ago without any guide as to scenes and places.

When we go to the theatre we are glad to have a printed programme to tell us what scenes are to be presented and where they are, yet the B B C reels off scene after scene without any indication as to time or place.

Act I of Macbeth has the following scenes:

A desert place; A camp near Forres; A heath; Forres—the King's palace; Inverness—Macbeth's castle; Before Macbeth's castle; Macbeth's castle.

It is asking too much of the listener to guess that at one moment voices are supposed to be speaking at Forres and the next at Inverness.

THE DREAMER OF ST PAUL'S

Great Idea For the Cathedral

St Paul's Cathedral, rising so high above the roofs, is the one masterpiece of architecture in the City which seems to have been built to last for ever.

But in its very power and might are the seeds of its insecurity, so heavily it presses on its foundations on the London clay.

Remembering these feet of clay, a man who loved his Cathedral dreamed that it must be protected. The dreamer was Canon Alexander, who worked out the idea that this could be done either by strengthening the foundations or by leaving them alone.

Leaving them alone meant an Act of Parliament restricting the rights of 160 property owners round about the Cathedral. Everybody laughed at an idea like that.

But the dream came true, and £1000 a month has been spent on it ever since 1911. The City succeeded in passing into law this year the Cathedral Preservation Act. The Act requires exact information to be given about deep excavations in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral, and not one of the 160 property owners raised an objection.

Consequently the architects and engineers who advise about the superstructure of the Cathedral will accumulate increasing knowledge about the foundations on which it rests. In addition there is an assurance that no excavations or other work will be put in hand if it will interfere with its stability.

The dream has ended in the reality of the Cathedral's safety for centuries to come, and its majesty will be the legacy left by this generation to generations yet unborn.

MR ROOSEVELT'S ACT

Seven Great Things

Now that President Roosevelt's Social Security Bill has become an Act of Congress it is well to summarise its provisions, for they mark a new era in American life and legislation.

There are seven great things in the Act, and this is what they amount to.

Old Age Pensions For Needy. Grants to States for pensions to needy old persons over 65. Federal grants are to be made on an equal share basis with the States, but the Government's share is not to exceed £3 monthly.

Contributory Pensions. These range from £2 to £17 monthly, depending on wages and length of employment, the pensions to be paid on retirement at 65. Farm labour, domestics, Government employees, and casual labour excluded. Financed by a wages tax borne equally by employer and employed.

Unemployment Insurance. Federal fostering of State unemployment insurance plans by federal grants in aid and imposition of uniform wage-roll tax on employers. States allowed freedom of choice in setting up their own insurance plans.

Aid To Blind. Grants to States for aid to the needy blind. Grants to be made to States meeting certain standards.

Dependent Children. Financial aid to States for carrying out State plans to help dependent children.

Mothers, Children, Cripples. Grants to States to aid services for health of mothers and children. States to be also aided in extending services for crippled children.

Public Health. Appropriation of £1,600,000 annually to help States in maintaining health services.

Altogether it is an impressive enactment, which will affect the lives of scores of millions of people. How wonderful is the scope of legislation in a great country!

MORE BABIES LIVE

The Cheerful Fact in the Health Report

100,000 OF OUR PEOPLE ARE OVER 85

Fewer babies died last year than in any year since records have been kept, and infant mortality rate has dropped to 59 per 1000 births. The actual birth-rate rose slightly.

This fact and the statement that there were 103,300 persons of 85 and over living in England and Wales last year are the most striking things in the first annual report of Dr Arthur MacNalty, who is carrying on the work of Sir Robert Newman as Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health.

Dr MacNalty has something to say about the health of those who live in our distressed areas, and though he acknowledges that public and private efforts have held in check the ills caused by poverty, he says that the report from those areas gives no cause for satisfaction, for no inquiry can find out the grave dangers to health of mind and body which result from prolonged unemployment.

The report describes the wide scope of the work done for the Empire in acquiring and passing on to the medical officers of British ports all over the world any information on the outbreak of disease at any centre, so guarding against its being carried to healthy ports.

THE SMILE ON THE STAMP

A Peasant and His Ears

In Vienna this summer the stamp collector was presented with an unexpected prize in the appearance of the Austrian blue halfpenny stamp.

On it appears the smiling face of a peasant of Lower Austria. But the smile, not reaching quite to the ears, helped to point to the fact that they were drawn the wrong way round. Stamp collectors formed up in queues to buy this rarity, and 200,000 of the stamps went like wildfire.

Then the post office people found the reason of the profitable mistake and called the stamps in. They have now reappeared, but the happy peasant, still smiling, now wears his ears the right way.

He has deserved well of his country, which is not the only one that has profited by the sale of its stamps to the tireless collector. It might be said of stamps that nothing enhances them like a mistake.

There is in London now a stamp of British Guiana, valued at more than £7000, which can hardly call itself an official stamp at all. When the official supply ran out in the colony a job printer ran off a few, which the post office endorsed and accepted as substitutes. This gem is the only one left.

THE WHALE IN THE NET

Simple Simon, as we all know, went fishing for a whale with his mother's pail, but if he reads the papers he will change his method and buy a shrimping net.

The steam trawler John Cattling was fishing off Barra Head in the Southern Hebrides when a whale was netted. It took two hours to haul in the net. The whale was over 25 feet long and weighed between two and three tons. Its liver yielded 50 gallons of oil, and the fishermen brought it to Fleetwood in fine spirits, for such fishing is highly profitable.

A few weeks ago a 30-foot whale was caught off the coast of Donegal.

DOES YOUR KINEMA USE THE SAFETY FILM?

THE PROUD COURSE OF ENGLISH JUSTICE

An Unrivalled System

The Lord Chief Justice spoke noble words in the Court of Criminal Appeal last week when, in quashing a conviction, he urged that counsel appearing for the prosecution in cases tried before lower courts should always be fair and impartial in presenting a case to a jury.

The Crown, he said, is interested, not in securing a conviction, but in seeing that the right man should be convicted and justice done.

"It is deplorable," he said, "when counsel fail to stand on the real strength of their cases, but trim and support them by things contrary to the spirit and letter of the law."

We are rightly proud of our legal system, which is unrivalled as a means of securing justice for all who appeal to it. Nowhere else is an accused person so jealously protected. The law holds him guiltless until found guilty, and until the verdict is returned he is treated as innocent.

A prisoner may be a felon with an infamous record, but unless the question of character is raised by the defence his record is kept from the jury until they have come to a decision; often they are astonished to find that a prisoner whom they have been reluctant to find guilty has a long string of convictions.

Men with black records have been arrested in their own names and allowed to appear before the jury in assumed names, so ensuring that the accused should be judged only for the one charge against them.

So much is done to safeguard the prisoner from bias or unfairness that it almost seems at times as if the scales were a little weighted in his favour.

Prosecuting counsel should not stray beyond their briefs in conducting a case; their duty is simply to bring out the plain truth, as far as rules permit it to be done.

LITTLE MONEY BOOK

Buy It at the Post Office

Never was the Post Office better run than now, and one more good thing it is going to do.

It is an idea the C N has long urged upon it, a little book of postal orders, all of one value; you may buy a little book of sixpences, or shillings, or eighteen-pences, or half-crowns.

The C N congratulates the Post Office, but on behalf of the general public it begrudges the high poundage on these orders, for we must pay ninepence extra on each book. It is true that to buy the orders separately would be a shilling extra, but the poundage is very high. The rich man draws a £100 cheque for twopence. Why should the poor man pay so much more for using the Post Office?

CROESUS KEEPS HIS JUBILEE

Another silver jubilee will be added in December to the resplendent one of the King and Queen, and the modest one of the C N.

Sir Mir Usman Ali Khan, Nizam of Hyderabad, which once contained the fabled riches of Golconda, is the celebrant, and he is the richest man in the world.

A faithful ally of the British, he has adopted many of their social reforms, and the jubilee is to be marked by an enlargement of them. A quarter of a million is to be set aside for a hospital, a sanatorium, orphanages, scholarships, and a model village. But, as the poor are still with this rich man, the endowment fund will also provide four workhouses.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Adowa	Ah-do-wah
Bialystok	Be-al-c-stok
Croesus	Kree-sus
Damodar	Dah-mo-dar
Kursk	Koorsk
Munkacs	Moon-kahch
Rakoczi	Rah-ko-tse

THE BOOK OF 10,000 YOUNG PEOPLE

Why They Left England

Sir Thomas Inskip, Attorney-General, has been telling of the discovery at Bristol a few years ago of two remarkable volumes which came to light in the Council House there.

Servants to Foreign Plantations they are called, and contain the names of nearly 10,000 young men and women who between 1645 and 1679 went to America.

The figures are interesting as a chapter in the story of the founding of the New World. These ten thousand emigrants went out to a land of which the surface had already been broken by the men of the Mayflower and those who followed.

The early settlers in the New World were men and women who thought hardship and peril in a savage land not too high a price to pay for liberty to worship according to their consciences. They preferred to face the Red Indian with his tomahawk and scalping knife rather than submit to a tyrannous king and to a form of religion unacceptable to free men.

In his survey of the subject Dr G. M. Trevelyan has pointed out that had the king prevailed in the Civil War England would have been ruined, for so many Puritans, the backbone of the nation, would have emigrated that England would have become too thinly peopled to be secure. Our population at the time was under six millions, yet by 1648 Virginia had received an English population of 15,000, and the other colonies 23,000 more.

These were key men, merchants, artisans, ploughmen, earnest representatives of the aristocratic and landed interests who set conscience before interest. Twice Cromwell himself was on the point of emigrating, and had he done so the result must have been disastrous.

Those who first went forth sought freedom; it was not for long afterwards that men went in numbers merely to seek their fortunes.

PETROL MADE IN ENGLAND

120,000 Gallons a Day

THE PROMISE OF A GREAT HARVEST OF HAPPINESS

Mr Ramsay MacDonald, accompanied by famous leaders in science and industry, has been to see the great plant at Billingham which for some time now has been producing petrol from coal, and has formally declared it open.

The C N has already described the process by which hydrogen and coal produce an oil which is refined into petrol by a process on which £4,000,000 has been spent. The plant is now working without a pause and producing 120,000 gallons of petrol a day. The yearly output should reach 45,000,000 gallons, requiring 600,000 tons of coal for the power driving the plant and the material it processes. It is estimated that this extra coal will give employment to 2000 miners.

It was in 1923 that experiments were begun at a Fuel Research Station subsidised by the Government and inspired by the genius of a German chemist, Dr Bergius, who was present at this opening ceremony. Another pioneer, Sir Alfred Mond, has passed away since his firm, Imperial Chemical Industries, made practical the experiments of the laboratory, but Mr MacDonald did not forget him in paying tribute to this great achievement.

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow," quoted Sir Harry McGowan, the chairman of ICI, in stating that, though the plant produces only four per cent of our petrol, its success shows that we have found a way to solve a national problem and possibly help to bring back prosperity to our distressed areas.

Let us all hope so. It is a great seed from which may spring a mighty harvest of human happiness.

CANADIAN RADIC
Canada's broadcasting system is to be brought up to date, the Government having announced that it will build a chain of powerful transmitters to serve the whole Dominion.

WOOD 2000 CENTURIES OLD
Wood believed to be 200,000 years old has been dug up in Honolulu. The wood, hard but not petrified, was recovered from beneath an ancient lava flow at Diamond Head.

THE LONG NIGHT
As the long Arctic night creeps farther south the people in the coast settlements of Greenland are busy laying up stores for the winter.

SOLDIERS TO HUNT WOLVES
Following complaints by peasants that wolves have become increasingly troublesome in the Kursk district of Russia organised shoots are to be conducted by soldiers.

SEAL HUNTERS BUSY
Although the Koryaks of west Kamchatka are not good seamen, hunting for sea mammals is of great importance to them. At this time they are engaged in hunting the thong-seal.

SEEKING THE PANDA
Two brothers are conducting for the California Academy of Science an expedition to the borderlands of Tibet in search of the giant panda and other rare species.

WATER BY PIPELINE
Jerusalem is to have an improved water supply from November 1, when a new pipeline bringing 3,000,000 gallons daily from the Auja River, north of Jaffa, will come into operation.

TREE-TOP LOOK-OUT
At Nyeri in Kenya a hut has been built in a tree where guests can spend the night watching elephants, rhinos, and other animals drinking at a water-hole.

WILD CATS
Countless thousands of wild cats, descendants of domestic pets, are destroying the native bird life of Queensland and raiding the hen-roosts on farms.

MUTINY SHIP'S RUDDER
Last year the rudder of the mutiny ship Bounty was recovered off Pitcairn Island after 145 years. Action is now being taken to preserve the relic from souvenir hunters.

These little coral islands are to be colonised by USA as bases for a Pacific air-line.

Howland Is. Baker Is. Jarvis Is. Pitcairn Is.

Equator—the middle line round the globe

ATLANTIC

PACIFIC

ITALY

LIBYA

EGYPT

ABYSSINIA

ADEN

YENYI

KURSK

JAFFA

AUJA RIVER

Jerusalem

TIBET

KAMCHATKA

QUEENSLAND

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 26 1935

The World's Way Out of the Crisis

Sir Samuel Hoare, our Foreign Minister, has been speaking to America, and we give him our platform because what he said is of great importance and hopefulness.

Two months ago the League's economic section published a small handbook, a sermon on the folly of our times. Its text may be summed up in this:

The malady from which the world is now suffering is no longer entirely the crisis, but rather the inability of the countries to co-ordinate their several efforts to emerge from the crisis.

I fully agree. It seems to me that the lowering of the barriers to international trade is one of the most fundamental of the tasks of the present time. It is a task that must be persistently and courageously pursued by all those who wish to promote international friendship and to serve the great cause of peace. Your Secretary of State, Mr Cordell Hull, has constantly preached this gospel. He has consistently maintained that the removal of obstacles to international trade and the pursuit of a liberal trade policy alone can save us from what he has described as "the collapse of the world structure, the fear which now grips every nation."

The French Minister of Commerce spoke in praise of the same ideal, and after a resolution had been passed in recommendation of freer trade between the nations Mr Hull sent a message cordially supporting the League's endeavours. I assure the American people that this message is a great encouragement.

The way is not yet clear; but it is a source of real encouragement that the Governments of three great trading nations are looking in the same direction. This is of first-rate importance and gives us courage to go on. The road before us will not be easy; indeed it is never easy to take the long view as against the short view, and to remember the ultimate good of all rather than the immediate advantage of each.

You and we are great democracies (the greatest democracies in the world), and being democracies we must appeal to the understanding and imagination of the majority of our peoples; if we cannot carry them with us our individual wisdom is of no avail.

I want to convince you that we in Britain stand for the abolition of war and the mentality of war, whether on the field of battle or on the field of commerce, industry, and labour. We want a new world in which peace and justice, trade and intercourse, shall be secure.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Helpless Old Man

THE minds of many people who read the Archbishop of Westminster's description of the Pope as "a helpless old man with a small police force to guard him" must have passed to one whose contemporaries no doubt described him in the same way, one who wrote of himself as "being such an one as Paul the aged, and now also a prisoner."

Yet the words of that disciple in prison have rung through the centuries, challenging all Christians to combat the dark forces of evil and rallying them to the side of the hosts of God.

The Mad Clocks of London

WE all know the mad clock of Pall Mall, which has presented two faces to London for four years, both faces wrong.

If the other day we had started from this clock and walked for a mile we should have seen three other wrong clocks to keep it company, one in Regent Street, our greatest shopping centre; another in the Strand, on a lovely little church; the last at the Law Courts, where the wheels of time were stopped.

Four wrong clocks in a mile's walk through London! Is it nobody's business to look after the wheels of time?

The Players in the Turnip Field

WE told the story of little George Foster and his hoop last week, and we are reminded of the story of the five children under nine years old who were sent to prison for seven days and put in a cold damp dungeon to live on bread and water.

It was at Oundle in 1823, and the terrible crime of these five children was that they had been found playing in Mr Walcott's turnip field.

A Wonderful Home

WE heard the other day of a dear old lady in Sussex who has had her hundredth birthday and still does needlework without spectacles.

More remarkable is the fact that in her home, a farmhouse, four generations live under the same roof.

We do not hear of city homes where four generations live together. Perhaps the bustle of a big city shortens our tempers and makes us impatient of each other. But even in the peace of the fields there can be bickering, and those four generations could not live together unless the serene old lady who rules there had been a wonderfully wise and patient young woman 80 years ago.

A Word From Isaiah

For Every One of Us

The ends of the Earth were afraid, drew near, and came.

They helped every one his neighbour; and everyone said to his brother, Be of good courage.

The Window Tax

WE have just been reading that while the Great Exhibition was being prepared for Hyde Park in 1850 the magistrates of Berkshire decided to stop up many windows in the county gaol to reduce the payment of the window tax.

Peter Puck wonders what they did about the Crystal Palace.

To Mussolini

A thousand years scarce serve to form a State,
An hour may lay it in the dust. Byron

Tip-Cat

RACERS usually have numbers on their backs. But they aren't back numbers.

MODERN-MINDED nations prefer talking to fighting. Yet like to make striking speeches.

A LADY wants to know how she can make her hats look different. Has she tried wearing them round her neck?

THERE is to be a national offensive against rheumatism. Joint action.

SHOPKEEPING is more than window-dressing, somebody says. There must be counter attractions.

SOME fish sing. Only bass.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If shepherds write with sheep pens

THE man who carries a police whistle evidently expects the police to come to blows.

WE read of a new speedometer big and clear enough to read. The world does move.

A TOWN COUNCILLOR has had his portrait put into a stained glass window. Isn't afraid that people will see through him.

THERE is a poor nut harvest this year. But pantomimes will have their usual supply of chestnuts.

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

THE savings of the British people are now reckoned at £3000,000,000.

THE BBC receives 60,000 letters of thanks and 15,000 of criticism every year.

PARACHUTES have saved 700 lives in American flying.

JUST AN IDEA

The sure proof of a man's character is his attitude toward his small obligations.

BEWARE

An Unpublished Poem By Sir William Watson

With the clouds dark on the horizon this poem by Sir William Watson reaches the C N, which now prints it for the first time.

THE niggardly bosom in jewelled garb,
The nectar whose dregs are gall,
The arrows a knave or slave can barb,
And the battlements whence they fall:

Beware, beware of them all.

THE adders whose mouths are death or bale
Unto him in whose path they crawl,
And the owls that would hoot the nightingale
Whose song doth the world enthrall:

Beware, beware of them all.

THE sleep at the oar, the slip on the ice,
The crack in the stately wall,
The pearl that laughed at its own mad price,
And the tower that was built too tall:

Beware, beware of them all.

These Wonderful Sixpenny Telegrams

WE are all asked to send them now, and we are glad enough to do it, for they often save us a shilling on the costly telephone.

But the other day we were motoring through mile after mile of busy London streets and could not see a post office; they may have been there, but who can find our post offices tucked away among so many brighter shops? At last we found one, but, alas, they could not accept telegrams.

Will not our P M G please arrange for every post office with a telephone to telephone a telegram for us? It is all so simple, and there is not a business firm in England which would reject so obvious an idea. When at last we found our telegraph office, on the main road of a good-sized town, we handed in a message containing two well-known names which might have been a test of ordinary intelligence, and the telegraph girl *knew neither of them.*

A Prayer For Strength To Serve

Teach us, good Lord, to serve Thee, to give and not to count the cost, to fight and not to heed the wounds, to toil and not to seek for rest, to labour and not to ask reward, save that of knowing that we do Thy will. Amen

Surely God is Nigh

The round Moon hangs like a yellow lantern in the trees
That lie like lace against the sky.
Oh, stifle the night! Oh, hushed the breeze:

Surely God is nigh. Watson Kerr

Repose

I have sought repose everywhere and have found it in a little corner with a little book. Longfellow

UNWELCOME LITTLE STRANGER

East and West Meet in the Thames

A DANGEROUS CRAB

Workmen engaged on work by the Thames near Chelsea have been surprised to find a mitten crab embedded in the soil by the water.

The mitten crab comes from China. It burrows into river banks, dangerously undermining them, and when captured and eaten by man is capable of setting up a deadly disease.

A few mitten crabs accidentally reached Germany from China some years ago. Reaching the rivers, they multiplied and spread from one waterway to another, honeycombing the banks with their burrowings.

They carry with them a parasite, a fluke which enters their shells and causes tuberculosis when the crab is eaten by human beings. How they reached Germany is as great a mystery as the coming of the one found in the Thames. It is too much to hope that the only one to cross the ocean has been captured; a river with one may have many more, perhaps not to be found before serious injury to the banks advertises their presence.

The history of acclimatisation has taught us to regard with fear the coming of any new creatures whose movements we are unable to control.

A DOCTOR'S CALL ON THE SAN FELIX

Peace Hath Her Heroes

Wherever we look, even in these dark days, golden deeds seem to spring up around us like flowers in May.

Argentine papers have lately been full of the heroic deed of a Copenhagen doctor, Herr Holger Gundel, who is 60 and had retired from practice. He was on his way to Buenos Aires to visit a brother he had not seen for 46 years, and on August 19 the ship in which he was making the trip, being off the coast of Brazil, caught a wireless message from the British tank boat San Felix about a hundred miles away. A midshipman had fallen from a mast and was lying near death with a crushed skull, and there was no doctor on board.

Dr Gundel offered his aid and the captain of the Suecia altered her course. Four hours later they were within hailing distance of the San Felix, but the difficulty was to get the doctor on board, for the heavy seas made the lowering of a boat a risky business. Three times his life hung on a thread, but finally he was hauled on board.

Gasping for breath, but game to the last, he examined the injured lad, made his preparations, and performed an operation which saved the patient's life. After that he went back to his ship and continued his journey, all this being one of the million daily good deeds in which the lives of our doctors find their natural expression.

PEKING MAN AND HIS BERRIES

One of the geologists (Dr Ralph Chaney of California University) who had a part in discovering the Peking Man now tells us something of the way in which this fossil ancestor, one of the oldest known to the world, lived and fed.

He was a hunter, supporting himself chiefly by the game of the hills, but he supplemented this meat diet by vegetable food gathered on the plains. Among the fragments of his hunting weapons and the bones he gnawed are thousands of bits of the shells of seeds. They are those of the hackberry, which has a modern representative in the forests of North America and Asia, but usually grows as a shrub by streams.

THE DREAMS THAT DO COME TRUE

STREET SCENES NOW AND THEN

The Professor of Yesterday and the Policeman of Today

MARCH OF WIRELESS

We read elsewhere that the police are to have a secret wave for broadcasting, and there is something romantic in the news.

Fifty years ago a policeman looked suspiciously night after night as a man walked about Great Portland Street mysteriously listening-in.

Today the policeman himself walks about listening-in mysteriously.

Apart from cars and vans equipped with wireless, some of the Brighton police have tiny receiving sets which

Two Scenes 50 Years Apart



A policeman listening at Brighton



Professor Hughes listening in the street

are carried inside the tunic. A small bell gives warning of a message from headquarters, and one of our pictures shows a policeman by the roadside receiving instructions by wireless.

The picture from Brighton calls to mind the picture of David Edward Hughes walking about Great Portland Street listening to signals coming from his house a few hundred yards away. Passing policemen would watch his movements with suspicion as he held up his receiver to his ear.

Professor Hughes demonstrated his apparatus before some of the greatest scientists of the day, and one and all tried to persuade him that the signals he heard were figments of his imagination. Sorely distressed he put away his work, and did no more with wireless waves, but to David Hughes belongs the honour of first consciously using them.

THE SPIDER'S WEB

Why the Zoo is Looking Into It

For hundreds of years it has been believed that a cobweb is a good thing to staunch the blood from a cut.

The use of a spider's web for the purpose has probably caused much harm, for multitudes of evil germs must collect in the dust gathered about the web, and germs to an open wound may be extremely dangerous.

Now modern science, having learned that snake venom causes the blood to coagulate and bleeding to cease, is testing the efficacy of the cobweb remedy. Experiments are being made at the Zoo to discover whether there really is any property in the mysterious substance capable of causing it to solidify the blood and so to close the wound from which it issues.

What we see as a spider's web issues from the spider's body as a gummy fluid; it changes instantly to silk of astonishing fineness and strength. Science is now seeking to learn whether, changing its apparent nature as it does in this way, it can produce as remarkable a change in the blood issuing from a cut.

By none would this interest in the web have been more heartily endorsed than by Nick Bottom, the Weaver in A Midsummer Night's Dream. After Puck has put the spell on him and made him into a man with an ass's head, he is introduced to Titania's fairies, one of whom, being named Cobweb, is assured by the Weaver, "I shall desire you of more acquaintance; if I cut my finger I shall make bold with you."

THE LITTLE MAN APART

Abyssinia's Delegate at Geneva

Geneva will miss M. Teele Hawariat, who has returned now to Ethiopia.

His slight figure, with dark face and quick, wistful eyes, was often seen passing along the shady walk by the Lake, on his way to and from the Council Hall of the League.

On the evening of the first fateful Council he looked sad and anxious, and it is said that it was not until after the speech of Sir Samuel Hoare that he was seen to smile.

He would sit a little apart sometimes in the crowded hall, "modeste et gentil," as a writer in a French paper expressed it.

When he sat down to dinner in the dining-room of the Hotel de Russie, filled as it was with strange foreign faces, he had the courage to put his thin brown hands together in prayer before beginning to eat.

On the historic day when the representatives of 50 nations declared by their impressive silence that they considered Italy to have broken the Covenant, it was this quiet minister who received a warm ovation as he left the platform, and the memory of this friendly act may return to him in the anxious days that lie ahead.

MARY TOMLINSON

Dr Mary Tomlinson is home on leave. We think she deserves a holiday.

Dr Mary's father was a miner, and for five years she worked at the pit brow. Then she became a nurse, and afterwards qualified as a doctor at Birmingham University. She was house surgeon at Birmingham Children's Hospital for six months, but gave it up to be a medical missionary.

For five years she has worked at Trivellore in South India. After her leave is up the Methodist Mission Hospital at Ikkadu will be her job. She will work in a district known as the Forest of Flies.

They must be very proud of Dr Mary at her home in Pemberton, Wigan, where she is spending her leave. We wish her well in her brave and merciful work.

NATION GROWING OLDER

NOT ENOUGH YOUNG PEOPLE

The Sure and Certain Process of Emptying the Schools

EVERYBODY'S PROBLEM

For years past the C.N. has repeatedly drawn attention to the fact that the British people as a whole are growing up, growing older.

The ranks of the young decrease. The ranks of the old increase.

In 1932 came the official warning from the Registrar-General that the children born in 1931 (16 for each 1000 of the population) were "definitely insufficient to maintain a stationary population in the future."

The number of children born in a year must be 20 for each 1000 people merely to replace the existing population.

Since 1931 the birthrate has fallen to 14.4 in 1932, with a very slight recovery to 14.8 in 1934.

More Adults

That is why the nation as a whole is growing old. The existing people age and live longer because of better health conditions, but the stream of new lives diminishes.

By 1945 or before the total population will become stationary, and then there will be decline. Then employers will vainly seek for young people as workers. The emptying schools will return no answer to those who need recruits.

Then there is the question of mentality. An older nation is less enterprising than a younger one. Youth is needed to give inspiration to effort.

Our new Chief Medical Officer of Health for England and Wales, Dr Arthur MacNalty, estimates that in June last year England and Wales had 40,467,000 people, or 36,000 more than in 1933.

If only 100,000 people had emigrated last year the population would have fallen by 64,000!

The Emigration Problem

What the Empire needs is a big flow of people to open up and cultivate its glorious areas. Before the war hundreds of thousands went out, and we had them to spare. Now such a drain would devitalize the homeland.

These considerations make it increasingly important to preserve and make efficient what precious lives we have. It is high time Agriculture was "married to public health," as Mr Bruce has so wisely said. Farmers look for buyers, and the buyers are unable to buy. The glass of milk in the schools has been an unqualified success. Why not provide at bare cost a good daily meal?

If the school is to be a place where healthy minds are to have healthy bodies it is vitally important to secure the second of these things, without which the first is impossible. Education should mean the greatest possible development of human powers.

IN THE STILLY NIGHT

As the days grow shorter the distant sounds of night become much more easily heard.

Professor Kern Knudsen, one of the foremost authorities on hearing, says this is because the air of winter carries more moisture. Moist air absorbs sound much less than dry air.

The majestic quiet of the desert has often been noted. Its dry air, as much as a million times as absorptive of sound as moist air, will extinguish weak sounds only a furlong away. This power of swallowing sound is still more marked with carbon dioxide, which will absorb high notes only ten feet away.

At the End of the Day's Work



These girls are students at Studley College, Warwickshire, where they learn the theory and practice of farming. The picture shows them unharnessing the horses after a hard day's ploughing.

President Roosevelt Writes a Great Page of History

It has been a worldwide disaster that America is not in the League, but it is not impossible for a nation outside the League to give it effective support.

There has not been in our time a more important declaration made by any nation than the declaration of Neutrality by President Roosevelt prohibiting export of arms to either of the countries now at war.

Any American trading with either country will do so at his own risk, and his Government will not protect him from injury or defend any of his transactions in the courts. So there is settled one of the most difficult problems which arose in the Great War, and so is removed one of the great barriers to effective sanctions by the League.

For this declaration means that America will not raise any objection to anything the League may do to stop American ships supplying munitions to Italy. Had America insisted on her rights of trading with a nation at war matters would have been much more difficult than they are; as it is, the attitude of America has immensely strengthened the League.

The President, giving effect to a resolution passed by Congress at the end of August, has discarded a policy which America has upheld since she was a maritime Power, a policy which twice involved her in war.

Helping To Stop the War

This declaration, which will live in American history, is much more than one of Neutrality, for the clause withdrawing State protection from anyone suffering when engaged in any kind of transaction with either warring nation makes clear to members of the League that America is with them in the drastic steps they may take to stop the war. It is as valuable as a vote at Geneva itself, for had America insisted on complete freedom of action for her nationals, with the protection of her fleet for them, effective sanctions would have been almost impossible.

The rights and duties of neutrals in wartime have always been a subject of dispute, and actually led to America's only war with this country since she gained her independence. The Treaty of Ghent ended the conflict in 1813,

but it did not solve the grave problem of the Freedom of the Seas, on which the two nations continued to hold different views.

What happened was this. With England blockading European ports and Napoleon blockading our own and forbidding Europe to trade with us, American ships as neutrals took most of the overseas trade, and were immune from capture provided they did not carry war supplies; they would ship a cargo at a French colony and take it to an American port, and on from there, with new papers, to a port in France.

The Declaration of London

British ships claimed the right to search ships for contraband and also (and here was the real rub) for deserters or British who had become naturalised citizens. Many whom America regarded as her own citizens were carried off to serve on British ships, and America went to war mainly as a protest against these press-gang methods on the high seas.

Five years before the Great War the ten great Powers met and drew up a Declaration of London which laid down rules for contraband, blockade, convoy, prizes of war, and so on. No Government would ratify it, however. We refused because this Declaration forbade any fighting nation to declare as contraband textiles, rubber, and ores and chemicals useful for munitions of war. The Allies, having command of the sea at the outbreak of war, declared German ports blockaded and issued their own list of contraband goods, extending it as the enemy Governments took more and more materials for war. American ships at first supplied both sides, using the harbours of Holland freely, and there were grave disputes between the two English-speaking countries which almost led to war between them. Perhaps it was only the wisdom of the American Ambassador, Mr Walter Page, that staved off a clash, and in this connection some of our older readers will recall the story of the Dacia, which was making for Germany laden with contraband cotton. "Has not your fleet had enough advertising?" said Mr Page. "Why not let the French fleet seize it?"

The Americans were not angry when their old friends the French seized the Dacia, and the crisis passed.

A LITTLE EARTH ACROSS THE WORLD

Handful of a Mountain For Poland

THE GREAT PILSUDSKI MOUND

We have come upon a fine little idea which has found its way from the fertile brain of one of our readers into the hearts of the Polish people.

As CN readers know, one of the beautiful ways in which Poland remembers its heroes is to build a great mound of earth from all parts of Poland. A little Pole coming up from his village will bring with him a handful of earth and throw it on the mound. For years the mound grows; we have already published a picture of the mound to the Polish patriot Kosciuszko.

Now a great mound is being raised in memory of Marshal Pilsudski, both mounds being at Cracow. For this mound earth is being brought from the battlefields on which Pilsudski fought for Poland, and we understand that a little has also been brought from the grave of Our Lord in Palestine.

It happens that New South Wales has a mountain named Mount Kosciuszko after the famous Polish patriot, and Mr George Fitzpatrick, a good friend of the CN and a well-known publicist in New South Wales, suggested to the Polish Consul in Sydney that a little earth from Mount Kosciuszko should be sent to Poland for the new monument to its lost leader, Pilsudski.

The idea was welcomed by the Polish Consul, and two members of the Polish National Alliance in Australia drove to Mount Kosciuszko, secured some earth, and it is being sent to Poland for the Pilsudski mound. We may expect also that a little would be thrown on to the Kosciuszko mound.

ADOWA LONG AGO

What the Women of Pavia Said A FEW WORDS FOR ALL TIME

We hear much of Adowa, and the Italian defeat there 39 years ago which has now been avenged; it is remarkable to read a resolution passed at that time by the Italian women of Pavia, who were full of distress for the families stricken by the Abyssinian war of that time.

In this resolution the women of Pavia declared that they shared the anxieties and tears of the mothers, wives, brothers, and sisters of those who were in battle, irrespective of race or colour, and they went on:

They tremble for the fate of their country, to which will come neither glory nor profit from an undertaking not prompted by liberty and justice. They remember all that their city and their Lombardy endured to free Italy from the stranger, and they believe, what their nearest and dearest have taught them, that it is sweet to die for their country.

They declare that the heroic constancy of our soldiers, praised today by the whole of the civilised world and also by the foe, should not be exercised as a sacrifice to a dictator, but should be sacred to the good of the people. They demand that our battalions should be recalled from Africa and that so many precious lives should be restored to the land of their devotion.

Is there not much reason to believe that, as Mr Baldwin surmised the other day, there are still many Italians who secretly cherish such opinions as these?

A CN TELEPHONE CALL

Could you please publish two pictures in our dear CN?

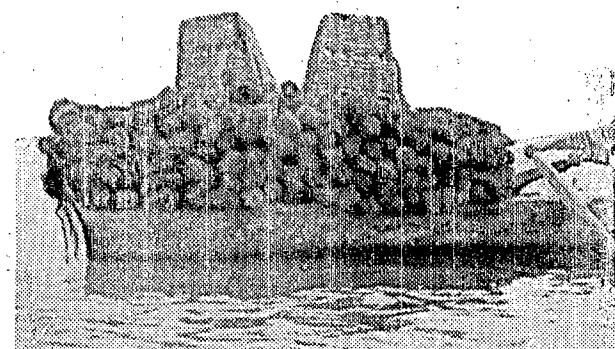
One of Ten Million People cheering our King because they love to.

One of Ten Million People cheering a Dictator because they have to.

News Pictures



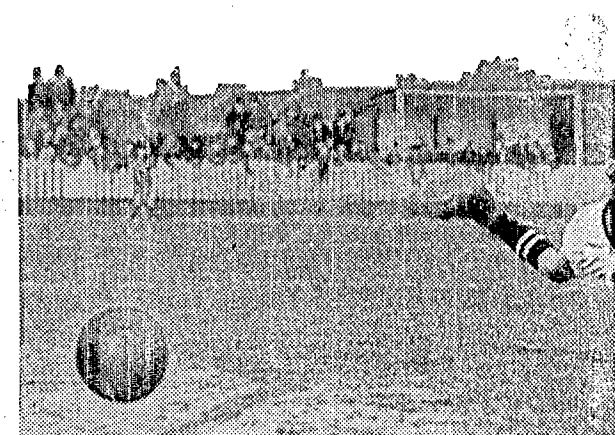
Scotland—A successful harvest is suggested by this



Ireland—A big boatload of peat cut in Connem



How the peat is carried to the vil

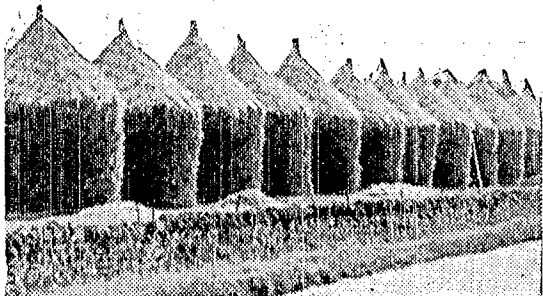


London—A goal in a football match



Germany—Peasants of the Hoppegarten district of Branden

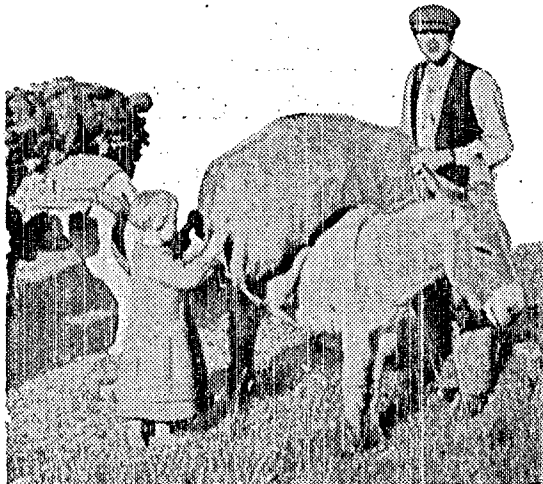
of the Week



group of 120 cornstacks on a Perthshire farm



ara, with little room left for the rowers



large homes of Connemara



for the English Schools Shield



burg taking part in a harvest thanksgiving procession

THE DESERT BY THE
FIELD OF WAR
VAST BARRIER OF SAND
Creatures That Live 70 Miles
From a Water Supply
REMARKABLE ENDURANCE

The Libyan desert has suddenly come into the news. It is a barrier of hundreds of miles of sand between Egypt and the Italian field of war.

An expedition led by Mr W. B. Kennedy Shaw has lately been there, and it has found giraffes, antelopes, lions, hyenas, ant-bears, porcupines, monkeys, birds, reptiles, and insects so far from any water supply as to make it practically certain that they do not drink for months together.

Along the course of what was ages ago a river bed is a strip of herbage, winding like a vast ribbon across the desert, and that broad, long ribbon is the source of all this life in the waterless waste. There may be some underground infiltration of water to support the vegetation; there may be rain in the wet season; but for months this great body of animal life must exist without any water supply.

A Desert Wonder

It has long been known that herb-eating animals could sustain months of such deprivation; there are animals on islands in the Red Sea which never see fresh water, but depend for fluid on the dew which nightly descends on the vegetation.

The wonder in the Libyan desert animals is that the flesh-eaters, the lions, the hyenas, cheetahs, foxes, and so on, manage to survive at least 70 miles from the nearest possible supply of water.

Their endurance here must be the result of a special adaptation to desert conditions. Nature gives water practically everywhere. There is water in the seemingly solid rock; it is in sandstone, limestone, marble. It is in what we regard as dry grain and dry textiles. Water is contained in a sun-ripened grain of wheat, and remains there until the grain is baked in an oven.

"Dry" woollen cloths contain five per cent of water, and on that moisture the caterpillar of the clothes moth lives when devouring our clothes. But the food is changed in the digestive system of the caterpillar so that when the grub is killed and examined the five per cent of water has become 80 per cent in the caterpillar's body.

The Water in Herbage

No matter how dry the grass or other herbage may seem to us, it is highly charged with water, and this is extracted by the animals that eat it, the volume being increased in their bodies. It must be from this water, existing in and between the cells of their prey, that the flesh-eating animals derive their supply where no rains fall.

There is heavy condensation of dew each night in the desert, and this is absorbed through the skins of desert reptiles which form the food of desert foxes and other small animals.

It is all very wonderful to us who live in well-watered lands.

A VICTORY OVER RUST

The rust-research experiments of the Canadian Government have proved their value this season.

Whereas a fine wheat crop grown from ordinary wheat in the western provinces has been badly damaged by rust, those crops which have been grown from the new rust-resisting variety are yielding as much as 40 bushels to the acre.

Chaucer's Successor Bids
Goodbye To Westminster

ONCE upon a time there was a Clerk of the Works at Westminster named Geoffrey Chaucer, and Mr Tom Wilson is one of his successors.

Chaucer gave it up at the end of the 14th century; Mr Wilson gives up his work this week.

Wonders Chaucer never dreamed of Mr Tom Wilson has seen, and it must be his proudest memory as he goes from his work that he has assured for London a spectacle on which it will look with satisfaction for a hundred years. For Mr Wilson has had charge of the work now being done to preserve the fabric of the Houses of Parliament, the beautiful Palace of Westminster.

The Crumbling Stones

We remember saying to him long ago that we wanted to write something on the Stones of Westminster, and, looking a little anxious, he said, "The stones of Westminster? Ah, what a tragedy!"

He was thinking of the work he had in front of him, for the nation had voted a million pounds to stop the crumbling of these stones and to put a new face on the palace of Parliament.

For twenty years and more Mr Wilson has been looking after these great buildings from his office under the Members' Lobby in the House of Commons—perhaps that is why he called himself an architectural cobbler soleing and heeling the building. It was in 1914, when the world began to fall to pieces, that the Houses of Parliament began falling down; you could have gone round them and taken a handful of stone from almost anywhere, and it was Mr Wilson's business to stop this happening. Once a stone weighing nearly a ton fell into the street, and the fact that the stones of this great palace were crumbling to bits created great alarm. Parliament voted a million pounds, and Mr Wilson was to see that it was spent to save the building.

He must have been glad to do it, for no man knows this palace by the Thames better than he. He must know every

nook and cranny of it. He must have known every member of every Government since the war, for he has been looking after the rooms they work in. He has been in charge of Big Ben.

Every one of us can see what a stupendous achievement this saving of the Houses of Parliament has been. We have only to look at what has been done to see that it is something like a miracle. The delicacy of Gothic architecture is a beautiful thing, but Gothic architecture in soft stone is something to break a man's heart. Mr Wilson has taken away the soft stone and put hard stone in its place. He has moved angels from their niches and kings from their pedestals, and changed crowns by the hundred. From the top stone of the central tower (which has come down and now stands on the Editor's hilltop in Kent) to the very base of these great walls the splendour of this palatial house was threatened; but seven years of work has made the palace secure, and another year or two will see it free from its great scaffoldings and leave it strong and beautiful, the finest spectacle on the banks of the Thames.

A Great Compliment

Mr Wilson himself is no mean craftsman; he is an architect who can do his own carpentry or his own building, or make his own mosaics. He has been to Constantinople to advise the restorers of the far-famed mosaics of San Sofia. It is a great compliment to the guardian of our Palace of Westminster, but most of all he will like the compliment that the nation has given him for twenty years and more, the charge of its own Parliament House.

Those who know him love him, and even those who do not know him know this at least, that Mr Wilson leaves the Palace of Westminster better than (a great deal better than) he found it.

We wish him a long and happy life with his great memories, and we pray that all our future Parliaments may be worthy of the House he has preserved for them.

A School For Post Office Clerks



Girls receiving instruction at the G P O in London where they are taught to carry out their duties as counter clerks with courtesy and cheerfulness

THE EAGLES SWOOPING DOWN

Tragic Surprise For a Terrier

MARTIN SCHUPPE AND
HIS BANKNOTES

A fox-terrier has been for an air trip near Vaalswater in South Africa, but it was not a joy ride.

Curled up in a patch of sunlight in the farmyard, little did he guess that far overhead an eagle eye was watching him.

While he slept, dreaming of all kinds of delicious smells, a huge eagle swooped down, grabbed at him with his talons, and carried him ten feet up in the air.

There was such a commotion of whirling wings that Mrs Hewson, the farmer's wife, ran out to see what was the matter. She stood helplessly watching her dog being carried off.

But soaring to the skies with a full-grown dog proved to be a task too great for the strength even of an eagle. The bird flew 200 yards but was unable to rise, and had to let go, and fortunately the dog fell into a soft meadow field. Before the eagle, which had killed several cats in the neighbourhood, could strike again a labourer ran up and rescued the frightened dog.

The Savings in the Wood Pile

It is good to know that the dog recovered from his fall, and it is unlikely that he will be caught napping again.

Another eagle story comes from the Bavarian Alps, where Martin Schuppe of Krottenmühl hid his savings of 90 marks in his wood pile. An eagle swooped down, snatched up the banknotes, and soared into the sky. Soon she had woven the banknotes into the inside wall of her house.

Martin Schuppe toiled up the mountain, and after a dangerous climb reached the eagle's eyrie. Fortunately the birds flew away and he recovered 60 marks.

THE NATION AND ITS POTATOES

It is now admitted that the Potato Marketing Board, like the potato itself, has a very useful "eye."

It surveys both the potato fields and their produce, and by all sorts of methods contrives to increase crops, reduce imports, and obtain fair prices for producers.

If we compare the potato year before the scheme we find that the producers have obtained £2,500,000 more for their crops, and it does not appear that the housewife has suffered much, if at all.

Potato imports have been reduced from over a million tons to 99,000 tons last year. Home production in the same time has risen from 3,100,000 tons to 4,500,000 tons. The Board has given stability to the market and the producers have benefited accordingly.

THE COW THAT CAME HOME

A Swiss farmer living near Geneva sold a cow to a man whose farm was 15 miles away in the canton of Vaud.

The cow felt strange in her new home. She disliked being milked by unfamiliar people, and after a week she ambled off in search of her old home.

Although the large bell on her collar rang melodiously and the sounds echoed down the valley, nobody working in the steep green fields noticed her departure.

But when milking time came the cow could not be found. A search was made in vain, and at last the farmer wrote to her first owner telling him of her disappearance.

Ten days passed and no news came, but then the missing cow arrived at her old home near Geneva, lean from hunger and lame from wandering about in the mountains searching the way, but obviously delighted to be back again.

HE SET FREE HIS PEOPLE AND LIES IN EXILE

Two hundred years ago this year died Francis Rakoczi, Prince of Transylvania, in exile.

He came when the need for him was greatest, and he gave all he was and all he had for Hungary. A hundred and fifty years before his birth the Turks defeated the Hungarians, and Hungary was split in three; the west came under Hapsburg rule, the centre was held by the Turks, and the eastern part, Transylvania, was ruled by native princes. Only in Transylvania was there freedom.

But in 1690 happy Transylvania lost its independence and came under the Austrian emperor. The Hungarians, exhausted by wars against the Turks, could no longer hold their own.

Francis Rakoczi, descendant of princes, was born in 1676. His father died when he was young, and his mother brought him up to hardihood and a fervent love of his country. Her father had been beheaded for conspiring against Austrian rule, so she had no love for the Austrian emperor, who seized all her castles except the frowning fortress of Munkacs. When Francis was 10 Munkacs, too, was besieged for five months. He loved to be on the bastions, and his mother encouraged him to take his share of the danger. In the end the Austrians retired, and little Francis made his first public appearance; seated on his horse he addressed the soldiers, thanking them in a ringing voice for their courage and fidelity.

Inciting To Revolt

But the fort was again attacked, and this time Helen Rakoczi had to surrender. She was taken to Vienna and Francis was sent to a school in Bohemia. When he was 17 he returned to Vienna, and after some difficulty regained control of his estates. Travelling in Germany he met the beautiful Duchess of Hesse and married her; he was 19 and she 16.

For the next few years they lived happily on one of his estates, doing what they could to alleviate the misery around them. Much they could not remedy, and even the little they did excited suspicion. Spies trapped Rakoczi into writing to Louis the Fourteenth, who was encouraging the Hungarians to revolt. Though there was nothing incriminating in his letter he was arrested. The princess and her baby were sent to a convent in Vienna, where shortly afterwards another son was born. This boy lived 26 years before he saw his father.

A Price on His Head

Rakoczi was imprisoned in the same cell which his grandfather had left for the scaffold 30 years before. It is probable that he would have shared the same fate had he not succeeded in escaping. He fled to Poland and for two years lived the life of a political outlaw with a price on his head.

Meanwhile in Hungary Austrian troops infested the land. A swarm of officials preyed on the impoverished people, and floggings, hangings, and the pillory were the order of the day. Goaded beyond endurance the peasants sought for a leader, and sent a messenger to

Rakoczi asking him to place himself at their head.

When he crossed the frontier it was to find that the forces on which he had been counting had been almost annihilated. But he trusted in the justice of his cause. From all quarters men flocked to join him, and soon he had a strong army. He swept everything before him, and seven months after he had crossed the frontier with only a handful of peasants to support him Austria was asking for peace.

He did not make peace then because the past had taught him not to trust Hapsburg promises, and he was resolved not to lay down the sword till he could secure a lasting peace. Transylvania joined him and elected him to the throne. He summoned a Diet, which deposed the Emperor Joseph and declared Hungary's forced connection with the House of Hapsburg at an end.

At this period Rakoczi was offered for the second time the crown of Poland, but he would not desert those who needed his leadership.

France did not keep her promise to help an independent Hungary to maintain her independence, and when once more the Austrian emperor offered peace Rakoczi felt that the nation should accept it. But, aware that his presence would imperil the success of the negotiations, he left the country.

The heroic struggle of eight long years was over. Religious freedom was secured; the grievances of the people were to be redressed, and a general amnesty was granted to all who had taken part in the rebellion. Rakoczi did not profit by the amnesty. He had given his country independence, and in his great hour he left it to give it peace.

His Last Resting-Place

After several years in France a strange fate sent him to the hospitality of those age-long enemies of his country, the Turks, now shorn of their power. In Rodosto, on the Sea of Marmora, he lived for 18 years, always watching for the time when he might come to grips with the enemy again, for he did not consider his work over. In the end he realised that the longed-for moment would not come to him, and he never returned to his beloved land. Before the end he had the joy of seeing the son born during his captivity.

When Rakoczi died Hungary wished to have her chivalrous and brilliant son sleeping in her midst. Not till 1905 was the wish fulfilled, when, with much pomp and ceremony into which thousands of hearts poured their love and veneration, he was brought to his last resting-place in the old town of Kosice.

That was only 30 years ago, and who could have dreamed what would happen? Who then imagined that a great war would give the grave of Hungary's patriot prince to another land? Kosice is now in Czecho-Slovakia, and Rakoczi, passionate lover of his homeland, is an exile once again.

BAKED LAMB OF OLD ENGLAND

It is clear from trade accounts that Lamb and Mutton have defeated Beef and Veal in the British market.

The Imperial Economic Committee, surveying the world of sheep, shows that nearly the whole of the sales of countries exporting mutton and lamb (exactly 96 per cent) are bought by Britain.

The chief exporters are Australia and New Zealand, who between them send three-fourths of the supply. We do not realise how fortunate we are to have these splendid supplies of good food; no other European nation enjoys such

benefits; all of them discourage meat imports while we have Imperial Free Trade in food.

Our own production of mutton and lamb is considerable, and rose from 210,000 tons in 1924 to 262,000 tons last year. Altogether in 1934 we seem to have eaten nearly 600,000 tons!

It looks as though we shall have in future to speak of the Roast Lamb of Old England; but perhaps even that needs correction, for roasting by the open fire is now hardly known. The Baked Lamb of Old England would seem accurate.

LONELY MAN AMONG THE BIRDS

The Net Round the Lighthouse Lantern

A man has been in London studying the birds of its open spaces.

He came from a life spent among birds on the lonely island of Skokholm off Pembrokeshire. Long ago Mr R. M. Lockley watched birds for a hobby, but when he found this uninhabited island teeming with seabirds he sold his farm on the mainland and set about repairing a ruined house on Skokholm.

Now he and his wife and daughter live there, with the lighthouse keepers as their only neighbours, but finding a full life in caring for their farm, ringing birds to collect information about their routes of migration, taking films of bird life, and writing down observations. Mrs Lockley paints the pictures for her husband's books.

Mr Lockley has originated the idea of stretching a net round the lanterns of lighthouses to catch birds blinded by the flashes. At present they fall on to the rocks or into the sea to certain death.

ALL TOGETHER ON THE AIR

An International Concert By World Youth

The boys and girls of 30 nations are to join in an international broadcast on Sunday, October 27.

They are to sing their national songs in turn, and their eager voices will be borne on the air across every frontier, however forbidding in this war-mad world.

And the centre of this most admirable scheme is Berlin!

With choirs of each nation singing in their own studios for about four minutes, the concert will last for an hour and a half, and the only pity is that listeners will not be able to hear the universal cheers which will be raised at the end of the programme.

Two choirs, one of Boy Scouts and the other anonymous, will represent our country at the B.B.C. studio, and will sing John Peel, Golden Slumbers, and Bingo. Australians and South Africans will represent other countries in the Empire.

The scheme has been organised by the International Broadcasting Union and is the biggest and widest relay chain so far attempted. To the listener, wherever in the world he may be, the concert will seem to come from the same studio.

The C.N. sends its greetings to every boy and girl taking part in this symbol of the unity which lies deep in the hearts of all peoples.

POLAND'S NEW PRIME MINISTER

Poland has a new Prime Minister, this time a civilian in place of the soldiers who have held the office for many years, Colonel's Governments they have been called.

Mr Marjan Kosciolkowski is the name of the new leader, and he has the reputation of being inclined to Liberalism, and therefore to be far more tolerant of political opponents than his predecessors have been. He was Minister of the Interior in the last Government, and when he visited the city of Bialystok, of which he was formerly Governor, he assured the Jews there that all citizens were alike. He has also earned the gratitude of the Ukrainians.

Colonel Beck is to keep his post as Foreign Minister, but it is felt that the influence of the Pilsudski group is likely to grow less in the future domestic policy of Poland.

HOW TO FIND MERCURY

Two Celestial Bodies Resolved Into One

AN ELUSIVE WORLD

By the C.N. Astronomer

The planet Mercury is now in the early morning sky, where he may be observed for the next three weeks.

His position is a little to the left of south-east and, for the first and last weeks, rather near to the horizon, which is a disadvantage when mists and low-lying clouds are prevalent. So the week from November 2 to 9, when he rises nearly two hours before the Sun, will offer the best opportunities for finding this elusive little world.

Mercury is rarely easy to find, but the presence of the brilliant Venus some distance away to the right will help the observer to locate him. This is done by drawing an imaginary line from Venus to the point on the horizon where the Sun will rise. This point may be ascertained the day before; eventually Mercury will be found a little way above this line and much nearer to the point of sunrise than to Venus.

This distance and the height of Mercury above the horizon will vary according to the time the observation is made. Next week the best time will be between 5.30 and 6 o'clock as Mercury does not rise until a little after 5; while, as the Sun rises between 6.45 and 7, the dawn will obscure the planet soon after 6. By the week beginning November 2 conditions will be better, as the Sun will rise nearly half an hour later and Mercury may be observed for half an hour longer, during which time he will rise higher in the south-east sky and, given a clear sky, is sure to be seen.

During the week beginning November 9 Mercury will be rising later and so will appear nearer the Sun; between 6 and 6.30 will therefore be the best time to seek him then until he becomes too near to the Sun for farther observation.

Mercury will shine like a bright first-magnitude star with a steady golden light very different from the decidedly fainter Spica, which may be noted some little way below Mercury during the first week and then gradually change to the right of him later.

Mercury's Half-Moon Phase

As seen through a telescope the change in appearance of Mercury will be rapid, as shown in the accompanying picture. At present he appears as a crescent about 76 million miles away, but by the end of next week he will appear much smaller and have reached the "half-moon" phase, being then about 87 million miles distant. In three weeks time this will have increased to 110 million miles, after which he will pass far beyond the Sun to reappear early next year as an evening star.

The ancient astronomers, unaware that Mercury was a world 3000 miles in diameter that travelled round the Sun every 88 days and so would first appear on one side of him and then on the other as it travelled round its orbit, regarded the morning and evening apparitions as those of two different celestial bodies. The morning one the ancient Greeks knew as Apollo, the ancient Egyptians calling it Set; while the evening one was Mercury to the Greeks and Horus to the ancient Egyptians.

Nowadays it is possible with powerful telescopes to watch Mercury pass across the sky during the day, and in two years time we may see Mercury pass in front of the Sun, so there can thus be no doubt as to their identity. G.F.M.



The change in the appearance and relative size of Mercury in the course of the next week

SORTING OUR LETTERS

Robot Deals With 24,000 an Hour

Letters can now be sorted at 24,000 an hour by a machine at Brighton.

The robot sorter is 70 feet long, 12 wide, and 7 high; and it has two sets of 325 boxes into which letters can be sorted, one for the outgoing letters and one for the local sorting of the inward mail.

Under the method practised in our usual sorting offices each man has 48 boxes in front of him, each box receiving all the letters for a district, which have to be sorted again into 48 more boxes. When the new machine is working hard it needs ten sorters to feed its boxes. Each sits at a keyboard like a typewriter, with its keys numbered in a code for towns and areas. A moving belt carries the letters to the operator, who picks each one up, glances at the address, and drops it into an opening as he strikes the key which stands for the destination of the letter. The letter falls on a metal carrier, which, controlled by the key, drops it into the right box among the 325 on the machine. Each sorter can deal with 40 letters a minute if he has memorised his code.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE STAGE

Boys Better Than Actors

Shakespeare the dramatist has many rivals; Shakespeare the poet has none; and it is a fundamental defect in professional productions of Shakespeare that this fact is generally ignored.

Such is the indictment brought against the modern stage by Mr Guy Boas, headmaster of the Sloane School at Chelsea.

Many distinguished players, said Mr Boas, did not even try to speak Shakespeare's verse as poetry, but, suffering from an obsession that they must be intellectual or realistic, muttered their lines as if they were 20th-century prose. In this they failed where many school-boys succeeded.

The poetic drama in England, declared Mr Boas, died with the disappearance of the boy actor.

THE SEVEN ELEPHANTS OF ELDORADO

There is reason to believe that millions of years ago seven elephants set out in search of Eldorado.

On their way they fell into an ancient water-hole and were bogged in its bottom of very soft mud. There these Columbian elephants have remained in company with other extinct animals of the horse and camel families, who were their companions in that far-off day till the time arrived when 20th-century geologists dug them up.

But, lest anyone should mistake the object of these pilgrims, it should be said that the Eldorado at which they arrived is not the fabled City of Gold in South America, but is in the prosaic State of Oklahoma in North America.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of October, 1910

Pure Radium. The first piece of pure radium has just been found by Madame Curie, the French scientist who, with her husband, discovered this wonderful metal. What is commonly called radium is really salts of radium. The pure radium, of which Madame Curie has been able to obtain only a single speck, now safely housed in a glass vacuum tube, is a brilliant white metal, which sticks fast to iron, scorches paper, decomposes water, and changes its character very quickly when exposed to the air.

THE ANGEL LOOKING LIKE A DRAGON

A Blessing For Villages

One of our travelling correspondents sends us this note of the coming of a new blessing to a Yorkshire village.

One good bit of news the village has is that it will soon be on the main for water. In a very few weeks it will reach the village, and the old wells and pumps will no longer be needed.

There is a strange-looking machine like some prehistoric monster coming slowly along the roads and lanes, close to the hedge, cutting a ditch three feet deep for the water-pipes. It scoops out the soil and piles it up neatly at the side of the ditch, ready for the men to put back when they have laid the pipes.

This angel looking like a dragon has come down from the wolds through the lanes and villages, and is now at Melbourne. In a little while it will walk into East Cottingwith.

It is an extraordinary sight to see it. I think it should have had a civic reception in every village, for it is wonderful to think what a boon it is bringing to these hamlets.

INCREDIBLE BUT TRUE

A Charterhouse Boy's Surprise

The story of this remarkable meeting in a railway carriage is true, having occurred over the holidays which have just ended. It is sent to us by a Hampshire lady.

A boy returning to Charterhouse from the holidays got into a railway carriage in which one man was seated.

The day was very hot and the man, mopping his brow, remarked on the heat, saying that it was almost tropical, like temperatures abroad. The boy agreed, and they began to talk.

"I was born in Malta," said the Charterhouse boy, "but I don't remember anything about it, as I came to England when I was a very small baby. When I was nine I was taken ill, and the doctor said I ought to go for a sea trip, so we went out to Argentina. We went in rather a queer way," he went on; "not on a luxurious ship, but on a tramp called the Mary Jane."

"The Mary Jane?" said the man. "But is your name Billy?"

"Yes," said the lad, surprised.

"Well," said the man, "that is strange; I was the captain of that ship!"

TREASURE ON THE WAY

Coal and Water, Too

An experience of the Bristol City Council recalls that of Bret Harte's Californian miner whose pick, while he was digging a well for water on Dow's Flat, struck a vein of gold-bearing quartz.

The Council, in the effort to develop the Chittington Estate near Avonmouth Docks, made a last, most expensive, but successful boring which went down 1362 feet. There, at last, they found water in quantity sufficient for all purposes, and the docks are about to develop the supply; but on the way down, before they reached water, they struck two seams of coal!

FLOODLIT PLAYGROUNDS

London schoolchildren are to have floodlit playgrounds.

The scheme has been initiated by the L.C.C. as a means of keeping children from the streets during the dark nights. The first playground to be floodlit was in Stepney, and all schools in London are following the lead and will continue the floodlighting until March.

If the experiment proves successful the L.C.C. will greatly develop the scheme, and provision for this has been made in the Council's programme of educational work for three years, at a cost of £6000.



"Lots better than milk, Mummy"

CHILDREN who dislike milk look upon it as something quite different when 'Ovaltine' is added. For 'Ovaltine' not only transforms milk into a really delicious beverage, but the special properties of 'Ovaltine' make the milk digestible and much more nourishing.

In every way, 'Ovaltine' is the perfect food beverage for children. It supplies proteins to form firm flesh; mineral salts and calcium to build strong bones and teeth; organic phosphorus for sound nerves; carbohydrates in their most assimilable form for energy in work and play, and the necessary vitamins for health.

Thus 'Ovaltine' provides all the nutritive elements required for building up robust health and vitality. For these reasons make 'Ovaltine' your children's regular daily beverage. But, be sure it *is* 'Ovaltine'—there is nothing "just as good."

OVALTINE

For Energy and Robust Health

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P.173a

Every Boy and Girl should join the League of Ovaltineys

THOUSANDS have joined and are having great fun with the secret highsigns, signals and code. Write for official handbook and details to the Chief Ovaltiney, Dept. 31, 'Ovaltine' Factory, King's Langley, Hertfordshire.

STRONGER IRON

Probing the Secret of the Graphite Grains

LIGHTER CAR ENGINES

"As strong as an iron bar" will have more meaning in future, for iron is to be stronger still.

Experiments conducted by the British Cast Iron Research Association in Birmingham give promise of an increase in strength for cast iron by as much as 50 to 100 per cent.

In making cast iron, carbon in the form of graphite is introduced, and analyses have shown that when the graphite was finely grained the iron was of particularly great strength. The new researches have been directed to finding how and why this fine grain was produced.

With iron of greater strength it follows that in many cases a smaller quantity will be needed, and in the construction of motor-car engines particularly this will be a great advantage. The saving in weight for strength will also mean that iron can be used for many purposes for which it is now too heavy.

THE SECRET WAVE

A Net To Catch Criminals

The police are to have a National Police Broadcasting Station.

Working on a secret wavelength and with a secret code it is to notify the commission of crime to every police station in the land. Every police car will also receive the messages, and the number of such cars is rapidly increasing.

We are asked to picture a happy time in which, within ten minutes of the discovery of a crime in London, roads throughout the home counties could be ringed by local policemen and flying squads of swift cars.

This all sounds very romantic, but we wish it were not necessary. Why should a nation have to spend money to make a great net in which to catch criminals?

The answer is that there is too little good education and too much bad education. The Board of Education and the Ministry of Health could readily reduce the crime statistics. Get rid of the education of the street and organise physical and mental training, with proper induction into work and good schooling for its performance, and criminals would almost disappear.

WHO WILL SET THEM MARCHING?

Once more it is necessary to remind Authority of the sad case of those who have been out of work so long that they are becoming useless.

We all know that the number out of work is a little less than 2,000,000, and that is bad enough; but what is worse is the considerable number of these who have been out of work for a long period.

We are informed that 486,645 persons have been out of work for six months or more, and 378,951 for 12 months or more.

If we could review the 486,645 on Salisbury Plain the seriousness of this army of wasted workers might be brought home to us.

Will no one buy them shovels and set them marching to some good tune to do some good work?

PROUD BOLTON

Blacklisted in 1933 because of its high maternal mortality, Bolton in 1934 was the healthiest town in England and Wales.

The maternal mortality rate was 3.43 per 1000, the lowest in Lancashire, against the average for all England and Wales of 4.1. In addition to this Bolton had the lowest death and infant mortality rates in the country.

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

If it is Next Week

Oct. 27. George Morland, the artist, died . . . 1804
28. Erasmus born at Rotterdam . . . 1466
29. Sir Walter Raleigh beheaded . . . 1618
30. Edmund Cartwright, inventor, died . . . 1823
31. John Keats born in London . . . 1795
Nov. 1. India transferred to the Crown . . . 1858
2. Marie Antoinette born . . . 1755

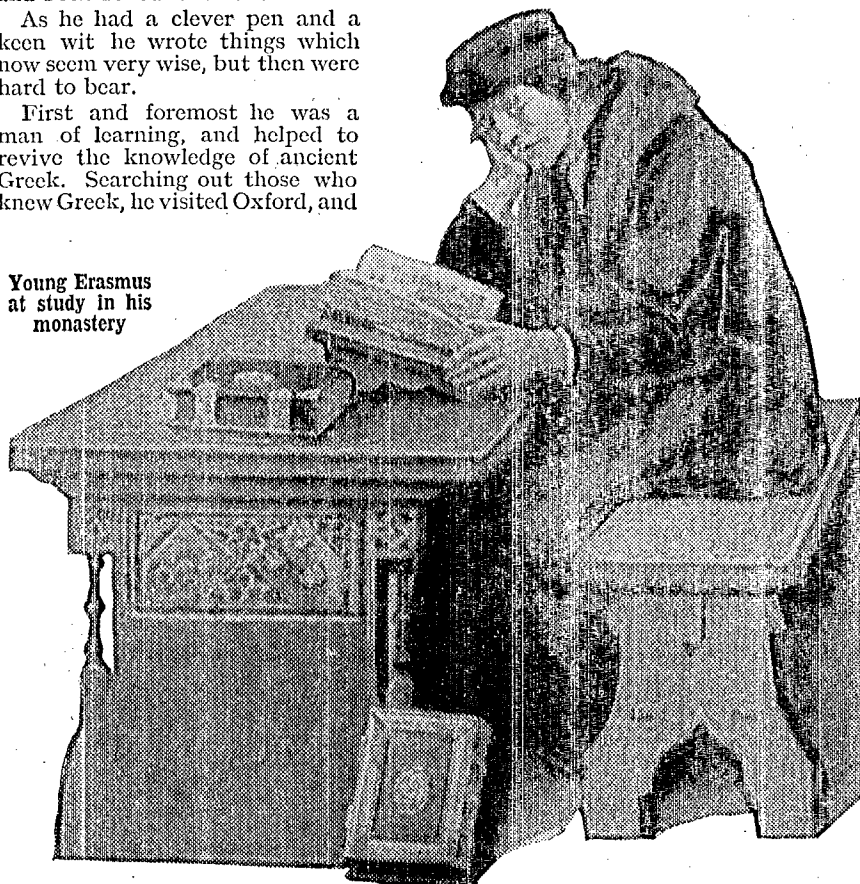
A Man of Great Learning

Desiderius Erasmus was the greatest writer in Europe in the early part of the sixteenth century. Though he had a very great influence and was much respected, he was most generally abused. The reason was that he did not take sides in the Reformation. He stood between the two schools of thought, and both denounced him.

As he had a clever pen and a keen wit he wrote things which now seem very wise, but then were hard to bear.

First and foremost he was a man of learning, and helped to revive the knowledge of ancient Greek. Searching out those who knew Greek, he visited Oxford, and

Young Erasmus at study in his monastery



made firm English friends. Most of his later life was spent on the Continent, spreading the new learning and the spirit of a gentler culture.

Erasmus was a charming man, bright and wise, but too tolerant for the fiercely embittered age in which he lived.

TWO MEN WHO CAME BACK

The Tale of Nobel House

Romance brings up the 9.15, sang Mr Kipling, and there is romance in the tale of Nobel House in Buckingham Palace Road, though it ends as it began with paint and varnish.

Nine years ago one room with two men in Nobel House, then the headquarters of Nobel Chemical Industries, was set aside for the work of Chemical Finishes, the paints and varnishes which were by-products of the industry. Then the big firm, amalgamating with others, moved to Millbank and the house and the room were left unoccupied.

But the little Finishes was in no mood to be left behind. It began to grow, like its large parent. From one factory it expanded to four, it is building a fifth at Stowmarket, and now, having risen from a small company into one of the biggest in its own line, has come back to Nobel House again, occupying the whole building after the great place had been standing empty for years. The two men who were once the whole staff are now managing and sales directors.

AFRICA'S FILM STAR

Bape and His Proud Future

Bape is one of the proudest boys in Africa. He will be the first African to be seen all over Africa.

He has just been engaged at 30s a month to star in films for African native audiences. The studio where he works is at Vugiri in Tanganyika, and his director is Major Nottcutt, who represents the International Missionary Council.

Bape is a singer, but he also plays women's parts in plays, and this is very useful, for no native women can be found near Vugiri willing or able to act. Bape was introduced to Major Nottcutt by Khalil bin Ali, who has been engaged as native film director. It is

MORE FLYING AND FASTER

MILLIONS OF MILES ON REGULAR ROUTES

The Big Growth of the Trade in Flight

OUR 100 AERODROMES

Speed in commercial aviation is increasing.

The Air Ministry's report for 1934 points out that, whereas 100 miles an hour was once considered satisfactory, the demand now is for speeds up to 150 miles an hour.

In April 1934 the great Imperial Airways Company had been at work for ten years. In that short time the miles flown grew three times and traffic-ton-miles seven times. In 1934 as many as 2,315,100 miles were flown to schedule.

Some six million airmail letters were conveyed in the year as compared with four millions in 1933. The present year is showing a big increase, for more and more people are realising how cheap it is to send an ounce letter to Germany or Italy, France or Poland, for 4d.

Pilots and Craft

The supply of pilots is all-important. There was an increase of 191 (nearly 20 per cent) in the number of A licences issued in 1934.

There were 1174 aircraft registered at the end of the year, a net increase of 119. The number possessing current certificates of airworthiness advanced from 1049 at the end of 1933 to 1210 at the end of 1934.

There are now about 100 aerodromes, landing grounds, and seaplane stations, and about 30 light aeroplane clubs enjoying the bounty given by the Air Ministry to encourage private flying.

Aeroplane exports are not big. Our exports last year, however, were worth nearly £2,000,000.

Flying accidents still increase; one of the latest, in America, caused the death of 12 people, a big liner crashing in Wyoming. Minor disasters now get bare mention in the papers.

WHY THE PANDIT WOULD NOT EAT

The Sacrifices in the Temple

For 32 days Pandit Ramchandra Sarma lay on a bed in Calcutta refusing to eat.

His fast was a protest against the slaughter of goats in Kalighat Temple during the four days of the great Hindu festival. He said he would not eat again unless the sacrifices stopped.

The people of Bengal were sharply divided in their opinion about the fast. Some said the Pandit should mind his own business; others said the sacrifices in the Kalighat Temple were a blot on the Hindu religion, and that the Pandit was laying down his life in a noble cause.

Finally a body of distinguished Bengalis persuaded him to give up the fast. They said the people needed a year of teaching and propaganda on the subject of animal sacrifice. Already animal sacrifices had stopped in a few temples, and this year there were far fewer people at the Kalighat Festival. Some ground had been gained already.

The Pandit agreed to wait for a year. Then he will begin the fast again if the animal sacrifices do not cease.

WHEN YOU CROSS THE ROAD

Go straight across
Look before you go
Let the driver see you
Stand still if in danger
Follow the traffic lights
Follow the police signal

Khalil bin Ali too who will speak the Swahili commentaries. All the actors in these films are natives, for Major Nottcutt's slogan is "In Africa, by Africans, for Africans."

It is all an experiment, and the object is to find out what kind of films Africans like best. First Major Nottcutt produces a number of films, then Mr G. C. Latham takes them round the country. His business is to see how the people receive each film—what sort of jokes they like in the funny films, how far they understand the serious ones, how much they learn from the instructive ones, and so on. Before long there are sure to be cinemas all over Africa, and when that time comes, says the International Missionary Council, we must see that the films shown are good ones.

So Bape is working in a very good cause, for his own country.

1000 CHILDREN IN A PLAY

A Hungarian teacher of eurhythmics, Valerie Dienes, is producing at Budapest a play called The Road of the Child, designed to exhibit the life of children down the ages. A thousand child actors are taking part.

The play begins in pagan Grecian and Roman days. Life in ancient Sparta is illustrated, when unfit children were cast down a mountainside as unworthy of preservation. Then follows the birth of Christ and the fate of child martyrs. So we pass to medieval and modern times and the problems of today. The music, specially composed, is of great merit.

AESOP SPEAKS

A voice from an ancient grave speaks for Abyssinia in her martyrdom, and the voice is one beloved of children.

It is the voice of Aesop, whose name means Ethiopian. He was not an Abyssinian, but so dark and swarthy were his features that his friends called him Aesop, which was their way of spelling Ethiopian.

Were he called today to speak for this little African nation he would probably tell again that finest of his fables, which all civilisation has been repeating for twenty-five centuries, the fable of the wolf and the lamb.

The wolf, we remember, resolved not to do the lamb a violence without first finding a pretext which should justify his crime. "Last year you insulted me," he growled. "Indeed, sir," pleaded the lamb, "I was not then born." The next charge was that "You feed in my pasture," to which the lamb answered, "No, good sir, I have not yet tasted grass." Then said the wolf, "You drink of my well," to which the lamb replied, "No, sir, I have never yet drunk water, for my mother's milk is as yet food and drink to me."

The tyrant, who always finds an excuse for tyranny, ended the debate by killing and eating the lamb, remarking as he did so, "I will not remain supperless even though you refute all my arguments."

THE PICTURE TRAIN

Posters designed by schoolchildren are an ingenious way of advertising an art exhibition.

It is an ingenious art exhibition, too, for it is assembled on a train which is touring Northern France.

The pictures and statuary exhibited are the masterpieces of modern artists, and it is expected that they will sell well in the provincial towns.

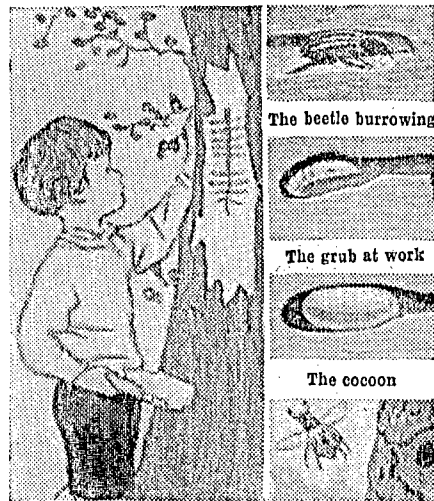
THE CN QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to CN Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

Who Carved the Pattern on the Tree?

IF we pull the loose bark off an elm tree we may find underneath, carved on the wood of the trunk, a curious pattern. It seems a mystery, for how could anyone have carved the wood beneath the bark?

This carved pattern is the work of a little insect called the typographic



The channels forming a pattern beneath the elm's bark were made for the reception of its eggs by the typographic beetle, here seen at work and also flying away from the tree.

beetle, which did the carving with its powerful jaws. In May a pair of these beetles, male and female, select a tree and bore a vertical hole through the outer bark to the inner bark. Then they clear a space and proceed to cut a channel up and down.

In the channels thus made eggs are laid at intervals, and when the grubs

hatch out they begin to burrow at right-angles to their parents' passage. At the end of its burrow each grub makes an enlarged space, and there forms a cocoon. Three weeks later it emerges as a perfect insect with wings, and flies away to repeat the story.

The typographic beetle is really a great pest. All the time it is burrowing it is devouring the sappy part of the tree, and before long quite a number of trees may be utterly destroyed. In 1783 a million and a half trees were destroyed in Germany by beetles of this kind.

What is Point Lace?

All lace wrought with the needle.

When Were Buttons First Made By Machinery?

In 1827, by a machine invented by Samuel Williston, an American. They were of metal.

What Do the Words Warp and Weft Mean?

By warp is meant the threads which run the length of cloth and are first set up in a loom; by weft the threads which run from one selvedge of the cloth to the other.

What is the North-West Passage?

The route from the Atlantic through the Arctic to the Pacific. Many attempts to find it were made from the 16th century onward, but the first to navigate it was the Norwegian explorer Amundsen, in 1905.

Is Gelignite the Highest Known Explosive?

Explosives are chemical compounds in which combustion takes place almost instantaneously. There are so many and they differ so much in character that it is difficult to say that any one is the highest explosive. The power of an explosive depends largely on the way it is used. Preparations of nitroglycerine, such as dynamite and gelignite, probably give the most violent explosion.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

In the Transport talk on Tuesday Mr Boswell takes us back to the 17th century and the days of the pack-horse.

Mr Gaddum's Nature talk deals with the falling of the leaves in autumn. How a leaf falls is not generally known. Actually a cork layer is formed between leaf and stem, separating them.

On Thursday we hear of Chota Nagpur in India, a highland district of fierce rains and great forests. Here, but a few miles from the great coalfields of Damodar, the Kolarians, a primitive tribe, live as they have lived for 1500 years.

The Rhine Gorge is one of the most beautiful districts in the world, and Mr Vernon Bartlett is to give a vivid picture of the river and the terraced hillsides.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Practical Soil Cultivation: by F. W. Costin. 2.30 Music: by Ernest Read.

TUESDAY, 11.30 Transport: by K. C. Boswell. 2.5 The Fall of the Leaf: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 S. P. B. Mails on School Magazines.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Dragon Ships: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 The Plant Kingdom: by A. D. Peacock.

THURSDAY, 11.30 Chota Nagpur and the Damodar Coalfield: by J. N. L. Baker. 2.5 The South-east Coast of England: by S. P. B. Mais. 2.30 The Age of the Despots in Europe: by Professor Eileen Power.

FRIDAY, 2.5 The Rhine Gorge: by Vernon Bartlett. 2.30 Music—The Relationship of Keys: by Thomas Armstrong.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.5 The Far West of Canada: by J. G. Perdue.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Descriptive Composition: by J. L. Hardie.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Wallace, Hero of Liberty: by J. D. Mackie. 2.30 Same as National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Grass in the Ships, the Mills, and the Shops: by Sir Robert Greig. 2.30 As National. 2.55 Time and Tune in Music: by Herbert Wiseman.

FRIDAY, 3.10 The Dandelion: by R. J. D. Graham.

Which do you want?—They're FREE!

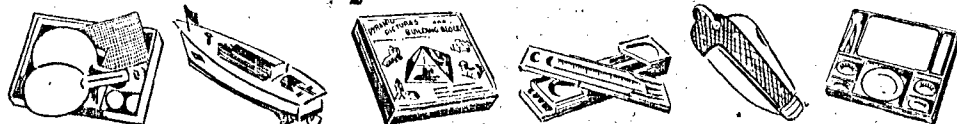


TABLE TENNIS SET: In box. Net, two posts, two bats and balls. 90 coupons and Free Voucher.

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BOX OF PYRAMID CUBES: Novel building blocks. Range of pictures. 90 coupons and Free Voucher.

THREE-DECK PEN-CIL BOX WITH RULE: Holds lots of pencils, pens, etc. 48 coupons and Free Voucher.

BOY SCOUT'S KNIFE: Strong and useful. An ideal gift for boys. 48 coupons and Free Voucher.

CHILD'S PASTRY SET: With spoons, roller, board, etc. Make mother a cake. 78 coupons and Free Voucher.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO
Ask mother to buy you Rowntree's delicious Cocoa. Inside every 4-lb. tin are 3 Free Gift Coupons. Very quickly you'll have enough to get any gift you want. Ask for Rowntree's Cocoa twice a day—it's good for you.

READ THIS, MOTHER!

Rowntree's Cocoa is now improved by a wonderful new pre-digestion process. It is made even more digestible—helps more in digesting other foods—and is more bone and muscle-building than ordinary cocoa. Still only 54d. per 4-lb. tin with 3 FREE GIFT COUPONS.

★ Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. SC4, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for special list of boys' and girls' gifts, with FREE VOUCHER value 3 coupons

REMEMBER THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF OTHER VALUABLE GIFTS, TOO

—s'good!—
-it's
Wilkin's CREMONA Family Assortment

ROYAL JUBILEE PACKET FREE!

This memorable packet is issued as a record of the King's 25 years on the throne and includes:—Australia (Australia), a stamp depicting both the King and Queen, the Macarthur sheep stamp, 15c. Tanganyika, large Trinidad and Tobago, early K.G. Canadian and Australian, also old pictorial Jamaica and British Guiana. Other countries are:—IRAN (bi-col.), unused Turkey (G.P.O.), large Airmail, Cracow and Queensland, 60 different stamps. Finally, we will include a Duplicate Album and beautiful Prince of Wales stamp. Send 2d. postage only and request approval.—**LISBURN & TOWNSEND, Ltd. (Dept. G.N.), Liverpool 2.**

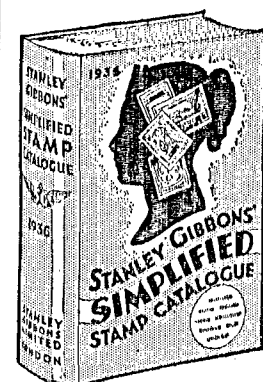
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Build up for Winter on SHREDDED WHEAT WITH HOT MILK

There is nothing quite so soothing for dry harsh throats in damp, wintry weather as an Allenburys Pastille
It clears the throat and wards off infection
Allenburys PASTILLES
Glycerine & Black Currant
FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8½ & 1/3

53,000 BREAKFASTS

Free, Satisfying, will be supplied this winter to hungry Slum Children, Funds permitting. Remember the little ones. 3d. pays for ONE meal. 25/- for 100. How many may we entertain as your guests? R.S.V.P. to THE REV PERCY INESON, Supt., **EAST END MISSION,** Central Hall, Bromley St., Commercial Rd., Stepney, E.1

PEARL RIVER PIRATE

Serial Story
By John Halden

CHAPTER 11 The Bonzerie

FOR hours, as it seemed, the boys leaned back in the bottom of their frail sampan, while the dimly seen Cambodian boatman propelled it through a narrow creek that wound into the heavy scented darkness of the jungle.

Sometimes the foliage on either hand was so close that they brushed it in passing. When this happened there would be a rush of wings, as with sleepy cries of alarm some bird fluttered away. Now and then they woke a family of monkeys, who chattered and scolded them for a long time after their boat had gone on. An occasional heavy crashing farther from the bank meant wild elephants, and again and again in the darkness they saw a pair of green eyes glow watchfully. A cheetah perhaps, or a tiger.

"I'm beginning to think we were better off in Saigon, old man," remarked Jim rather nervously. "Where on earth are we being taken? I should think we are about in the middle of the Cambodian jungle by now. Look!" He clutched his brother's arm as phosphorescent eyes stared evilly at them a yard or two away, then vanished.

"If that was a tiger," returned Christopher shakily, "I don't think there is any real danger. He would hardly jump out over the water at us. Cats hate water. What I'm really jumpy about is snakes dropping on us from the overhanging branches. There's a little green viper I've heard about—"

Jim groaned. "I was so busy listening for elephants and watching for cats," he said, "I never thought of snakes. That's what it is to have an imagination like yours. In this thick darkness anything might happen."

"Such as crocodiles," remarked Chris wickedly. "I've been told on reliable authority that crocodiles are to be found in the Cambodian jungle with heads eight feet long! Just their heads are that long. So they can snap up a full-sized man at one bite."

"Is that really true, Chris?" Jim looked nervously down into the black water under their fragile sampan.

"Perfectly true, I believe, though they are only to be found in the deepest parts of the jungle as big as that."

"Well, I should say we have got pretty well into the centre of the jungle by now," said Jim, shuddering.

He was wrong, for the creek took one of its sudden turns and a cluster of lights shone out ahead. Each lantern was attached to a pousse-pousse, and the boys climbed thankfully into the padded seats.

It was not long before they pulled up in front of a hospitable-looking hotel, the New Siem Réap Hotel, and were being welcomed by the French proprietor. A hot supper was ready for them, and in half an hour they were crawling under the white canopy of mosquito netting that protected their beds in a big room on the second floor.

Jim's wrist-watch under his pillow showed half-past five when he was wakened by some vociferous birds in the tree outside the balcony of their room. He lay for a while staring through the white cloud of mosquito netting at the busy little jade-grey lizards that swarmed over the wall of the room. They were as small as the little finger of his hand, very graceful and quick, and they made clicking sounds in their throats as they hunted flies, mosquitoes, and other insect pests of the tropics. For this reason the little gecko, or maroulya lizard, is a valued pet.

"Hallo," came his brother's voice sleepily from the other bed.

"Beat you to the shower," returned Jim, and fought his way out from under the cloud of mosquito netting.

He beat Chris by a half-length to the corner of the big room, where marble slabs partitioned off the shower bath.

"Not much privacy in this room," remarked Chris, as his brother splashed and blew under the cooling water. He referred to the door, a swinging half door.

"Be thankful for the air those doors give," returned Jim. "It's going to be jolly hot in a couple of hours, and we'll want all the draught we can get. Just throw me a towel, will you?"

But Chris was out on the balcony watching with interest the life in a bonzerie below. Shaven-headed monks in saffron-yellow robes, of all ages from ten to 90, were moving busily about, or forming into two

lines at the gate. Each carried a begging bowl wrapped in a yellow scarf in his hand. "Come on out, Jim," called Chris over his shoulder.

Jim came out wrapped in a large bath-towel. "Bonzes," he said. "I've heard of this bonzerie, the largest in Cambodia. The 'Pope' lives here. It's a school really. They take in kids of ten, but they only take vows for a year or two at a time. So they can stop being monks any time they like."

"What are they going to do now, do you know?" asked Chris, watching the long yellow lines move briskly off in two different directions.

"I know that too; fellow on the boat told me while you were mooning round the dancers. These bonzes, or monks, take the vow of poverty, so every morning they go forth to ask the faithful to fill up their food bowls for the day."

"Are they all right, these bonzes?" asked Chris, for he had known of monks who were lazy and degenerate and preyed on the poor people of China.

"Yes. The fellow said they were mostly pretty decent. They say prayers for the sick and make themselves useful in various ways. Their vow of poverty keeps them from making anything out of it personally, though they will accept presents for the upkeep of their temples and the bonzerie."

"Let's go and have a look at their place after breakfast," suggested Chris.

"Anything, so long as we get breakfast first," agreed Jim.

CHAPTER 12 A Surprise

BREAKFAST over, the boys went across the street into the bonzerie to pay their respects to the Pope of Cambodia, an old, old man of 95 with a friendly wizened face, who sat cross-legged on a platform in one of the open-sided buildings near the temple. They looked at the great reclining Buddha, and the strange murals in which several religions seemed mixed, then went out into the main road and called pousse-pusses.

For a few minutes they bowled easily along the road, then suddenly, at the end of a long, straight avenue, the towers of

Angkor Vat stood up before them. They had heard much of this wonderful ruin, certainly one of the most mysterious and beautiful buildings in the world, but they were unprepared for its magnificence. Five tremendous cone-shaped towers stood up hundreds of feet into the dazzling sky. A wide moat, three miles round, surrounds this temple. Elephants were bathing here, and tearing up the lotus flowers and purple water-hyacinths that grow in profusion from bank to bank.

As they drew nearer they saw the symmetrical plan on which the temple, built by a race of amazing architects, who vanished from the sight of man half a millennium ago, had been laid out—four pointed towers on the four corners of a square, with miles of decorated corridors between, and in the centre of the square the towering central spire. A stone bridge with stone giants along its edges led across the moat, with shallow steps designed for elephants' feet.

The boys had themselves set down here, and told their pousse-pousse men to wait. Before them stretched the long avenue to the temple.

"Look, Chris," said Jim, as his brother was starting off on a dog-trot of eagerness to reach the wonders beyond. "Let's not go back to the hotel for lunch. Let these men fetch food for themselves and us, and then we won't have to think about time."

"Righto," said Christopher.

He moved up the avenue, past the two buildings called the libraries, and on to the main building. On either hand, when he had climbed the precipitous steps, stretched endless corridors.

The miles of stone walls were covered with a lace-work of carvings: armies going to battle on slow-stepping, ponderous elephants elegantly caparisoned; the king, wearing a minimum of garments, but those heavily jewelled, giving orders to his generals; victorious generals bringing in captives and loot; common soldiers marching in endless rows; wonderful carved horses and chariots.

"Looks as if the ancient Kmers who built these walls spent most of their time fighting," remarked Jim. "Who were the Kmers, anyhow?"

"Nobody knows," replied Christopher, "but they built some of the most wonderful buildings the world has ever seen, flourished in great wealth for a few centuries, fought many victorious battles against the

Siamese and the Chams, and one fine day they walked out of their cities and temples and simply disappeared. Then the jungle swallowed up their cities and their temples, and no one knew they had ever existed until one day in the middle of the last century a French naturalist named Mouhot came upon these tremendous ruins."

"Hi!" called Jim suddenly from the other side of the corridor whither he had wandered during Christopher's tale. "Here are our little dancer friends in stone!"

Christopher joined his brother, and found that two of the Tevadas, or sacred dancers whom the Kmers carved amid flowers on every available bit of wall, certainly had faces very like those of their little friends.

"I wonder what has become of them," said Jim. "I suppose they are being fêted by the village on their first day home."

"Probably," said Chris. "Let's climb into one of these towers and see what we can see from the top."

"I vote we try the middle one," said Jim. "It's the highest. Must be 250 feet high. And steps all the way up the outside, until you reach the peak."

"Right!" agreed Chris. "It will be too hot if we don't start now."

The steps of the stairs leading up the central tower are so steep and narrow that it is impossible to set the whole foot on one of them. They must therefore be ascended on tip-toe, there being only room for the ball of the foot. This is tiring, and as they are as steep as a ladder half-way up the dizzy climber finds himself holding on to the steps above him with his hands.

The noon heat shimmered and dazzled all about the climbing boys, till the towers seemed to waver before their eyes.

"I say, Jim," said Chris finally, "if we get a sunstroke on these stairs we'll roll all the way to the bottom."

Jim, who had cased himself round to sit on the step, looked below and shuddered. "Crazy thing to attempt to climb it in the noon heat," he agreed. "Let's go back and see if the pousse-pousse men have brought us something to eat. We can try again later."

"A bathe would be a good idea," said Chris. "Look down there!"

In the moat far below a splash of bright yellow could be seen among the water-hyacinths. Some boys from the bonzerie were cooling themselves in the water.

"Agreed," said Chris, beginning to scramble down at once.

Both boys were too intent on keeping their footing to see a high nose and a pair of narrowed black eyes withdrawn from a point of vantage higher up the tower. The owner of those eyes held a knife in his hand. . . .

Fruits of many kinds and a savoury mess of rice, bamboo shoots, and fish waited them under a tree where the pousse-pousse men had taken their stand. There were green coconuts, too, to quench their thirst. A bathe, and then a sleep under the spreading roots of a banyan tree made the boys feel ready for another attempt on the tower.

The sleep, however, had lasted longer than they thought, and it was growing twilight when they again started up the precipitous stairs of the central temple.

It takes concentration to keep one's footing on three inches of stair after a hundred of such stairs have been passed, and it was Chris who, pausing for a moment to rest, glanced up and saw what looked like two large white butterflies flutter down the steps toward them.

It was the little Cambodian dancers! They came down, sure-footed as mountain goats, light as butterflies, and came to rest with a gasp of surprise when they saw the boys.

"Something very strange is going on in this tower," they whispered.

They told a strange tale.

The two had been exploring this loved temple, where they had spent many hours as children, when they had been frightened by a groan in the hall of Buddhas, one of the halls high up in the central tower, where scores of stone and wood and bronze images have been collected.

When the girls arrived there, meaning to burn a few sticks of incense they had brought, the hall seemed to be empty. Then a hollow groan startled them. Retrieving their courage, they sought for its source and found, pushed roughly in behind a large stone image, an old priest, badly hurt by a blow on the head and bound hand and foot. They unbound him and chafed his hands and feet, but could not bring him back to consciousness. Now they were in search of help to carry him back to the bonzerie.

"We'll go with you," said the boys instantly, and began to climb again upward.

Shadows were heavy in the hall of Buddhas when they arrived, but for all that they were able to search it thoroughly. There were the ropes and there was the image—but the wounded man was gone!

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO FINDS A TREASURE

MRS JACKO was very put out when her charwoman sent word that she was ill and could not come again for some time.

Jacko asked if he could help.

"Yes!" said his mother irritably.

"You can help by keeping out of the way." Suddenly an idea struck her.

"You might pop along to the Registry Office," she added, "and ask them to send someone to give me a hand."

Jacko hopped on his bicycle.



Father Jacko lifted it up

When an hour or more passed and no one arrived Mrs Jacko began to get impatient. "I'd go along myself if I could leave the house," she muttered.

Presently the bell rang, and when Mother Jacko opened the door she found Chimp standing there, and a strange woman with him.

"She says she's come from the Registry Office," he explained. "She seems a bit deaf," he whispered, and then ran away.

Mrs Jacko thought the poor soul must have bad eyesight too, judging by the big dark glasses she was wearing.

"Come in, come in," she said, taking her into the kitchen. "Now tell me what experience you've had?"

In a croaky voice the visitor told her tale. Mrs Jacko listened and gasped. Never before had she heard of such a wonderful person.

"Mercy me!" she exclaimed. "There's nothing you can't do. You'll be a real treasure! I suppose," she added, "you have good references?"

"Crikey! Whatever are those?" was the unexpected reply.

Mrs Jacko stared blankly. But before she could answer there was a smell of burning.

"My cakes!" she shrieked, and darted to the oven.

The "treasure" darted too, but in the opposite direction—and bumped into Father Jacko, who was standing in the doorway.

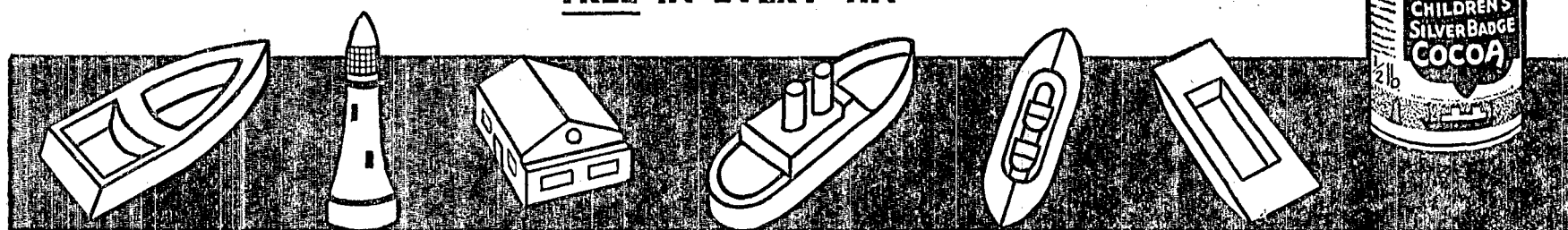
He stared at the hat, and suddenly, with an angry growl, he lifted it. And there, underneath it (as he expected) was Jacko's impudent face!

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CO-OPERATION IS OPEN TO ALL

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

October 26, 1935

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Partners

JONES and Smith went into business partnership. At that time Smith's age was five-sixths that of Jones. Twenty-four years later the partnership was dissolved. Smith's age was then eleven-twelfths that of Jones.

What were the ages of the two men when they went into partnership?

Answer next week

Just As Well

RASTUS had just returned from town with the farm lorry.

"Dat's a swaggar new lamp-post dey's erected outside de market," he observed to his friend Sambo.

"It sure is," replied Sambo. "Yo don't run into one like dat ebbery day."

Numbers Puzzle

A LETTER take and then add nine.

In all you'll have just three.

Yet, strange to say, the answer's six.

It is like this, you see:

If you take S and to it add

A Roman IX, there'll be

Three letters, yet they make up

SIX—

Correct, you will agree.

Ici On Parle Français



Le fermier farmer Le mur wall Un arbre tree

Le fermier compte ses moutons. Il en manque un. Il regarde par-dessus un mur. Le voilà, derrière un arbre, dans le champ d'à côté.

The farmer counts his sheep. One is missing. He peeps over a wall. There it is, behind a tree, in the next field.

What is It?

Cut down, yet saved with much ado and pain;

Scattered, dispersed, yet gathered up again;

Withered though young, though dying yet perfumed;

Laid up with care, but yet to be consumed.

Answer next week

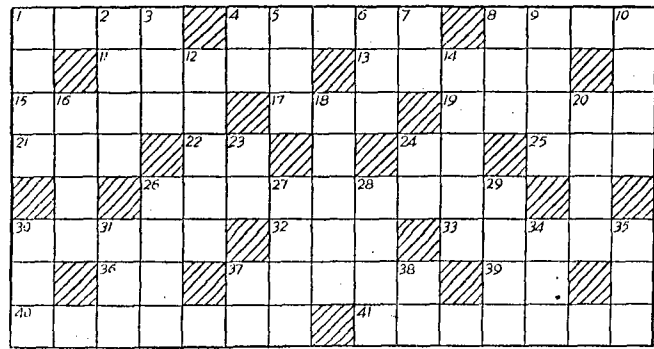
This Week's Nature Note

THE smooth newt is now leaving the water to sleep through the winter. Common in almost every English pond and ditch where the water is clear enough, it is found in most parts of Europe and temperate Asia. It is a little over three inches long, and, as its name implies, has a smooth skin.

The CN Cross Word Puzzle

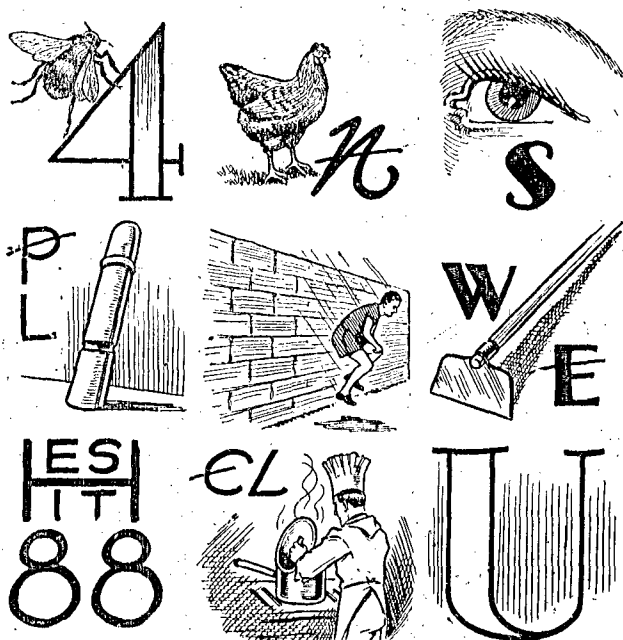
Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues below. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1. A mountain top. 4. Mixed, raw vegetables. 8. Bulk. 11. Small roll of tobacco leaf for smoking. 13. A standard of perfection. 15. Ro-ky ravine on a coast. 17. To spoil. 19. Outdoor recreation. 21. A young goat. 22. Compass point. 24. Outsize. 25. To corrode. 26. Pertaining to the mechanical arts. 30. The corp. 32. Not in. 33. A pleasure or racing boat. 36. Negative. 37. Rods. 39. Indian Army. 40. A small field. 41. One who laments.



Reading Down. 1. To stow. 2. Sharp to the taste. 3. Relationship. 4. South Africa. 5. A limb. 6. A tune. 7. Doctor of Divinity. 8. A representation on paper of part of the Earth's surface. 9. Plant of the lily order which yields a medicine. 10. Small granite block. 12. Carnivorous animal of the civet family. 14. A literary composition. 16. To engage in service for reward. 18. To make void. 20. Hasty in action. 23. London postal district. 24. Officer Commanding. 26. Pressed with the foot. 27. Small metallic fastening for a dress. 28. A scrap of news. 29. A den. 30. To limp. 31. Conjunction. 34. A metal container. 35. A road dressing. 37. A policeman. 38. In this manner.

Two Mixed Proverbs



IN this picture puzzle the words of two well-known proverbs that contradict one another are mixed up. Can you find the words and sort them out?

Answer next week

A Rhymed Riddle

WHAT has two arms but not even one hand?

It is a thing that one sees everywhere.

When I explain you soon will understand.

The answer to this riddle is a chair.

A Loyal Little Island

SPECIAL stamps to commemorate the King's Silver Jubilee have been issued by nearly every part of the Empire this year. The little Pacific island of Nauru, 26 miles



south of the Equator, has a population of 2700, including 160 Europeans, and could not afford a special issue, so the current issue was over-printed with the inscription: His Majesty's Jubilee. 1910-1935.

Safety First

BILL: I hear you have joined the local band.

Jack: Yes, a friend gave me a saxophone and the family won't allow me to practise at home.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Mars and Jupiter are low in the

South-East, Saturn is in the South, and Uranus is in the South-East.

In the morning Mercury is low in the South-East and Venus is high in the South-East.

The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 5 p.m. on Thursday, October 31.



Value

THE guide was showing visitors round the museum.

"This wonderful collection of stuffed animals is worth every penny of £25,000," he said.

"What are they stuffed with: money?" innocently asked a boy in the party.

Hidden Trees

THIS square of letters contains the names of ten trees that you may see in our woods. The names are spelled partly across and partly down.

C H W I L H O
O E S Y L I M
A K T C O W E
S H N A M B I
P O U T O E R
E P O O R E C
L M P L A R H

Answer next week

Think of a Number

HERE is a clever way of finding an unknown number.

Ask a friend to think of a number, to multiply it by three, then add one, again multiply by three, and finally add the number first thought of. The friend tells you the result, and you mentally strike off the last number (which will always be 3), and the figures left will be the number your friend selected at the start. Here is an example. Suppose the number chosen was 442. Now, $442 \times 3 = 1326$; plus 1 = 1327; $1327 \times 3 = 3981$; plus 442 = 4423. Take away the 3 and you have 442, the original number.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Step By Step. 31 inches

Guess This

Haws, Shaw, Wash

A Puzzle Name. Anna

What Am I? A shadow

Arithmetical Puzzle. 9999

The Traveller's Maze

1. London. 2. Bristol. 3. Glasgow. 4. Brighton. 5. Hull.

Five-Minute Story

Whew!

WHIEW! Whce - cw - cw! "What's that?" said a bunch of sycamore seeds to their mother, the tree.

"The wind," she replied.

"No wonder you ask; it's been such a still summer.

And now it's the beginning of autumn," she added sadly.

"Soon, when all you children go out into the world, I shall be all alone."

The days passed, sunshiny days, and the wind seemed to have hidden himself again, for scarcely a leaf moved.

A pair of sycamore seeds were talking together.

"Twin," said one, "I wonder which of us will go first.

We're quite brown now, and ready to fly. I want to fly a long way. I want to grow very big, much bigger than our mother-tree."

"Well," said the mother-tree, smiling, "there'll be a wind soon, and he will give you your chance."

Sure enough, before morning a big wind got up and set everything a-stirring.

"Good-bye," called the venturesome seed as he broke from his companion.

His voice grew fainter and fainter as his wing bore him farther and farther from home.

As soon as he had got used to flying he began to look about him. He was a good height up. Down below he could see the green fields, and sometimes, when the wind gave him a big push downwards, he could see the people going about their work.

He seemed to have flown for many miles when he saw below a great stretch of something that certainly was not a green field.

"What is it?" he asked the wind.

"Water—a lake," said the wind. "Now for some fun! Watch me make waves."

He swept down, and the spray sprang into the air, and all the lake became alive with tumbling waves.

"I'll give you to the boy in that yacht," said the wind.

With a whew! through the sails, he whirled the seed against the boy's cheek.

The boy picked it up.

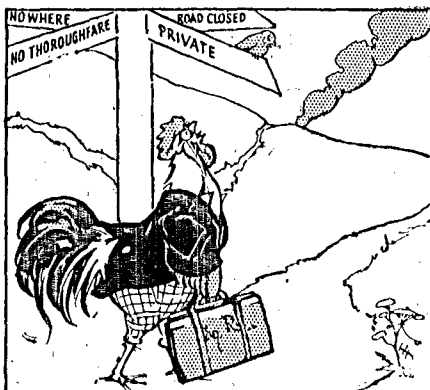
"Look what the wind's sent!" he chuckled.

The yacht sped across the water, and the seed lay in his hand till they reached the shore. As he climbed out of the yacht he dropped it into some damp earth; and there it settled down for a long rest.

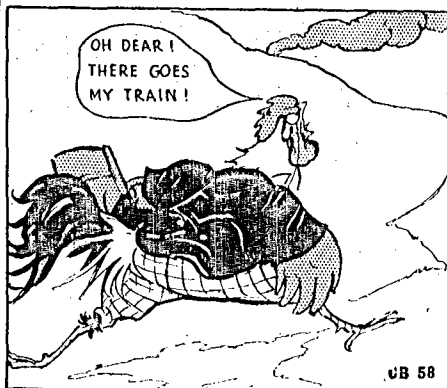
But when spring came the little seed knew that its dream of being a big tree, bigger than its mother, would come true. For in the open space by the lake it grew and flourished, and after many years knew itself for a fine tree, for, you see, it had the lake as a mirror.

THE CADBURY COCOCUBS

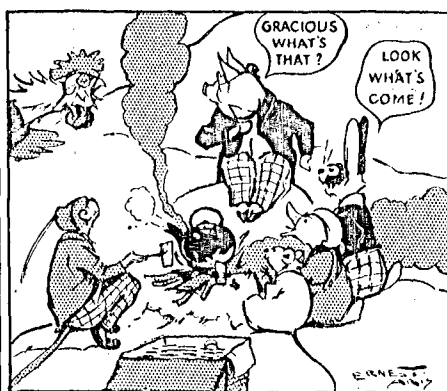
How Squire Rooster joined the Cococubs



Squire Rooster was very tired of his chicken-run. He decided to pack and set out to see the world. When he arrived at the cross roads he paused to make up his mind. "Anywhere will do," he thought.



Suddenly he saw smoke in the distance. "Oh dear," he cried, "I'm sure it's the train to Somewhere." He started running down the road, afraid that he would miss it. He ran until he reached the smoke.



What a surprise! He found the Cococubs having a picnic! They invited him to join them. "Well, well," he chuckled, "becoming a Cococub is going to bring all the adventures I want!"

There's a Cococub in every tin of The Children's BOURNVILLE COCOA

Squire Rooster will soon be in your cocoa tin